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PUNCH, NOVEMBER 21, 1956

Vol. CCXXXI

9^d

Punch



By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen
Manufacturers of ESSE Cooking Equipment
SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD



HOME HEATING was never like this before



**LOWEST HEATING
COSTS KNOWN**

*

**CONTINUOUS
OVERNIGHT BURNING**

*

**COSY, SAFE
& LABOUR SAVING**

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**STYLES TO SUIT
EVERY HOME**

Left: VITESSE heater in the modern manner with full-view open fire and built-in spark guard.

Below: LUCESSE for a traditional setting. Efficient operation with firedoors open or closed.



Every ESSE STOVE is designed for easy and really clean working on smogless coke or anthracite. Openable fire types also burn ordinary coal. Several models available. Attractive enamel and other finishes. H.P. terms or cash from £16.15.0.

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SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD
Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire
London: 63 Conduit St. W.1
and at Liverpool, Edinburgh,
Glasgow & Dublin





All the sunshine of the warm south is captured in the
golden glow of Madeira wine.

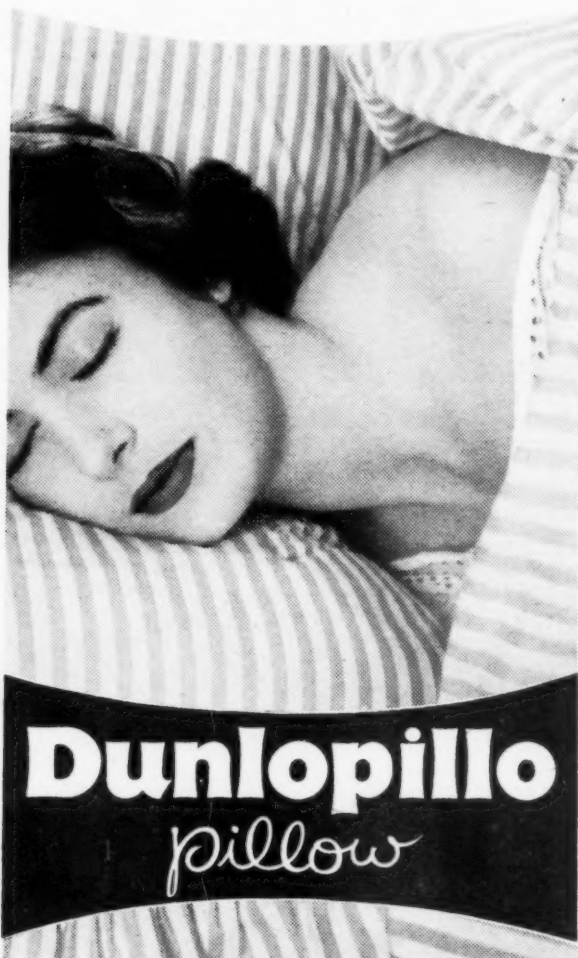
Dry as an aperitif, or rich and full,
a glass of Madeira wine is a never failing delight.

Madeira



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gift!

She dreamed you would
give her a Dunlopillo
pillow for Christmas!



Dunlopillo
pillow

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Settee to match

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have comfort taped

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Turn the knob on the auto-control panel and soon your washing water is hot or boiling—

This washing machine

whichever you prefer. As hot as you want it for as long as you want it!

heats the water for you

Now into the extra BIG tub with the whole family wash . . . and swish!

—boils if required

Within *minutes* everything is spotlessly clean.

by 'finger-tip control'

This New English Electric Washing Machine washes thoroughly yet gently,

In minutes your whole wash

wrings and empties automatically by finger-tip control.

is beautifully fresh

Saves work, saves money!

spotlessly clean

Which easy payment plan do YOU prefer?

8'8

for Standard Model with 'Packaway' wringer. Heater Model (illustrated) heats and boils the water, 10/3d a week for 2 years—down payment £44.9.11d.

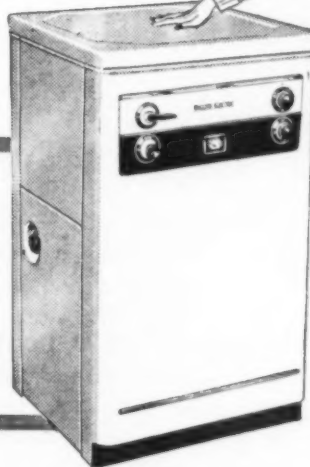
£9.11.0

for Standard Model with 'Packaway' wringer. Heater model (illustrated) heats and boils the water. £10.16.0 down and 43/5 a week for 9 months.

**A WEEK FOR 2 YEARS
AND £37.8.2 DOWN**

**DOWN AND 36/3 A WEEK
FOR 9 MONTHS**

Cash prices, inc. Tax. Standard Model £74.16.3. Heater Model £88.19.9



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

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THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED, DOMESTIC APPLIANCE & TELEVISION DIVISION, EAST LANCASHIRE ROAD, LIVERPOOL 10



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"Stratton"

* * * * *



One of the
new convertible
compacts
for loose powder
or solid
make-up

His gift to you . . . a *practical* beauty . . . engine turned in jewellers metal. The change over from solid make-up to loose powder is quick and simple. This one (386/ET) costs about 55/- at all good shops, and there is a large selection of really lovely convertibles in various shapes and finishes from 27/6 to 84/-. You could also tempt him to buy you something from the large range of matching accessories—cigarette cases, lipstick holders, combs, etc.

Stratton

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Little Miss Muffet
Is no girl to rough it—
Her escorts find that out each day.
But, if Lanson is tried, her
Blue eyes open wider
And then she's not frightened away!

* * *

Lanson Black Label Champagne
is a dry wine—but not
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life. At 26/6 a bottle it
will suit both your palate
and your pocket—at all
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By appointment
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"Art Dessert" chocolate assortment
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M-W 30

SHERRY BEFORE DINNER....



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BEST THING ON YOUR
T.V.!

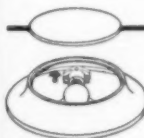
A R.E.A.L. Plinth Light on top of your T.V. Set brings an instant relief from eyestrain without interfering with the brightness of the picture. It provides a soft, mellow light that—whilst unobtrusive—is just sufficient to combat the disturbing effect of viewing a screen on a background of total darkness.

The Plinth, too, is a delightful form of decoration for any room, and forms economical subdued lighting for halls, corridors and stairways—for it requires only a 15 watt lamp.

Finished in a choice of Pastel Cream, Gilt Lustre; Eggshell Black; Pastel Blue or Pastel Rose—and FOUR NEW CONTEMPORARY COLOURS: Willow Green; Cherry Red; Dove Grey or Citron Yellow. Each Plinth with shock-proof porcelain lampholder, heavy pressed glass diffusing plate and three yards of flexible cord.

THE
R.E.A.L.
PLINTH LIGHT

Pat. No. 659,876



The R.E.A.L.
STANDARD PLINTH
11 1/2" dia. at base
36/9 Tax Paid

The R.E.A.L.
JUNIOR PLINTH
6 1/2" dia. at base
28/- Tax Paid



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have money"...

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English Poet, Pamphleteer and
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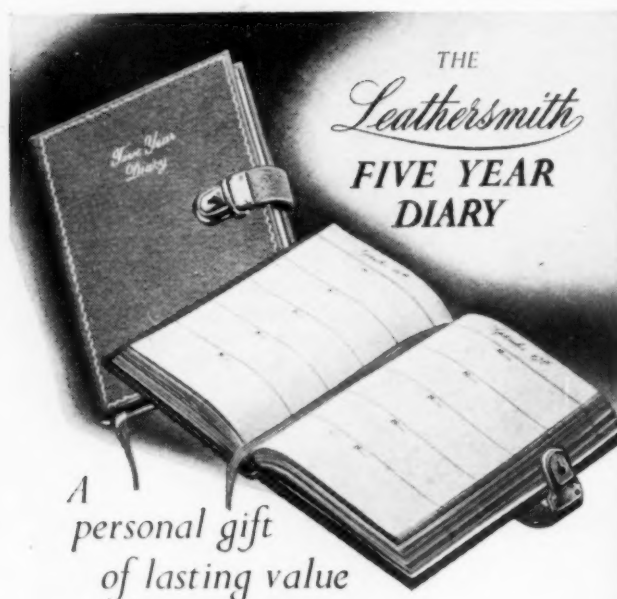
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feel
fine

in

Shepherd
or Stella underwear



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"VINTNERS CREAM"
RARE OLD OLOROSO
SHERRY



"VINTNERS CREAM" is a full bodied Rare Old Oloroso Sherry which will appeal to all with the "sweeter tooth". It is a luscious wine which embodies all the richness of the grape and gives a feeling of great satisfaction.

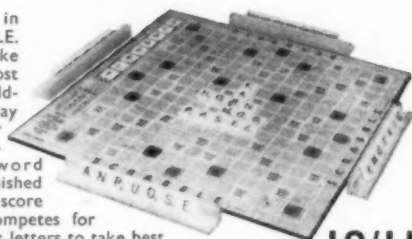
For those who prefer a drier wine, there is "VINTNERS CHOICE" Superior Amontillado Sherry

From Your Wine Merchant

MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.
20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3. JEREZ & OPORTO

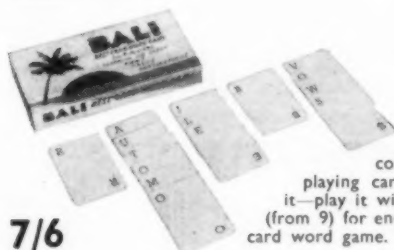
If you play for fun - Play **SCRABBLE**

Hundreds of thousands in Britain just love SCRABBLE. There is nothing quite like it. It challenges the most astute gamester, yet children just able to spell may play, too. Two, three or four players form interlocking words, crossword fashion, using highly finished letter tiles, with various score values. Each player competes for highest score by using his letters to take best advantage of letter values and premium squares on the board.



19/11

BALI

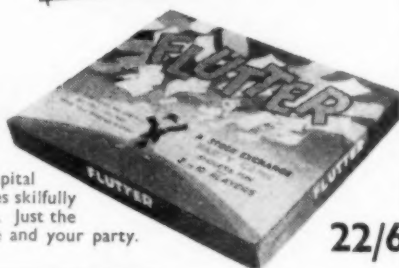


7/6

Bali is a pocket size word game for 1-4 players, entirely different from any other, being neither a crossword nor rummy type of game. It contains 108 fine patience size playing cards. Play it alone and love it—play it with your friends or children (from 9) for endless fun. BALI is the best card word game.

FLUTTER

Here's the game that gives you all the thrills of the Stock Exchange with none of its risks. For 3-10 players. He wins who can double his capital by buying and selling shares skilfully and with luck. Fun galore. Just the thing for the family circle and your party.



22/6

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South Africa Australia New Zealand

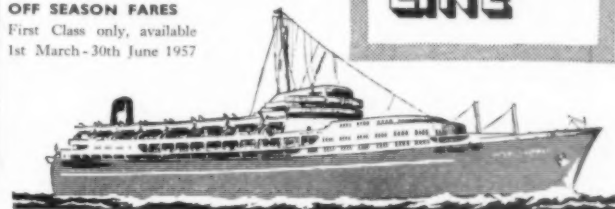
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What price could you put against the most pleasant of your personal memories? The dance tune that reminds you of your courting days, the songs they sang—and the way they sang them—when you were eighteen and all set to put the world to rights. And what of your more recent memories? The day your youngster made a first attempt at conversation, the celebration you had at home when you got your first real promotion, the party you had when your wife won that (very small) dividend on the Pools. Wonderful occasions, wonderful memories; some of them quite recent and yet already fading—there's the pity of it. That's why owning a Grundig tape recorder is such an asset. Memories never fade with a Grundig. They're yours for as long as you want to keep them. There is a Grundig model designed to meet your specific need.



TK 5 Price 52 gns.
including microphone

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Sales Dept. & Works: KIDBROOKE PARK ROAD, LONDON, S.E.3

NAME

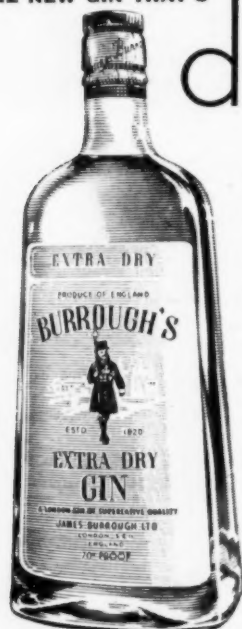
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(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Company Limited)

G6

THE NEW GIN THAT'S

different



Burrough's Extra Dry costs 35/6 a bottle, a little more than other gins, but you'll agree the difference in price is absurdly small for the vast difference in quality. Ask your wine merchant.

Different in taste—One sip and you'll be enjoying the difference . . . its subtle dryness and velvet soft, mellowness.

Different in looks—Crystal clear and bottled in a new gracious bottle, which in itself bespeaks the quality that surrounds this different gin.

Because it's distilled differently—Extra Dry is triple distilled—the London gin that is distilled from grain.

BURROUGH'S
extra-dry **GIN**

JAMES BURROUGH LTD.
75 CALE DISTILLERY
HUTTON ROAD, LONDON, S.E.11
Distillers of fine gins since 1820

Get your man...



... a **PIFCO Electric**
Luxury Shaver



Another BRIGHT IDEA!
The PIFCO RAZORLITE, an illuminated magnifying Shaving Mirror in ivory plastic, fitted with a 2-pin socket for plugging in any electric shaver . . .
Wonderful value at 23/9

But seriously, ladies, your man will always think lovingly of you if you give him such a worth-while gift. Every morning he'll bless you for your very good sense. Every other present will be eclipsed by this practical gift.

You can see it at your Chemist's, Hairdresser, Electrical Dealer, or Store. You'll see it looks and is a luxury gift, yet it costs only

81/6



For your throat . . .

Allenburys
PASTILLES

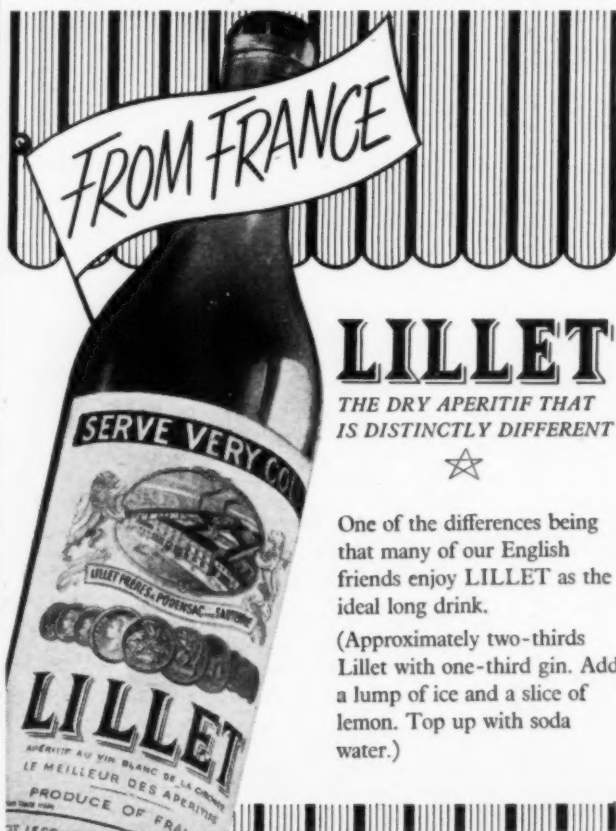
Made from Glycerine and Blackcurrants

In tins
From all
Chemists **1/9**



amc(h)

Made by Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2

**LILLET**THE DRY APERITIF THAT
IS DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT

One of the differences being that many of our English friends enjoy LILLET as the ideal long drink.

(Approximately two-thirds Lillet with one-third gin. Add a lump of ice and a slice of lemon. Top up with soda water.)

The NEW Austin Princess luxury... but in good taste

WHAT IS in good taste is so personal a matter that we dare to mention it only because it is important.

In a big car you expect comfort; magnificent performance; discreet good looks... The New Princess gives you all these, and at a price you might not think possible in a coach-built car, which includes such advanced features as power-operated steering, automatic gearbox, and servo-assisted brakes. But, there are many reasons why you should decide to buy a Princess rather than any other big car.

One of these is that the Princess appeals to those who do not wish their choice of car to be mistaken for a display of opulence.

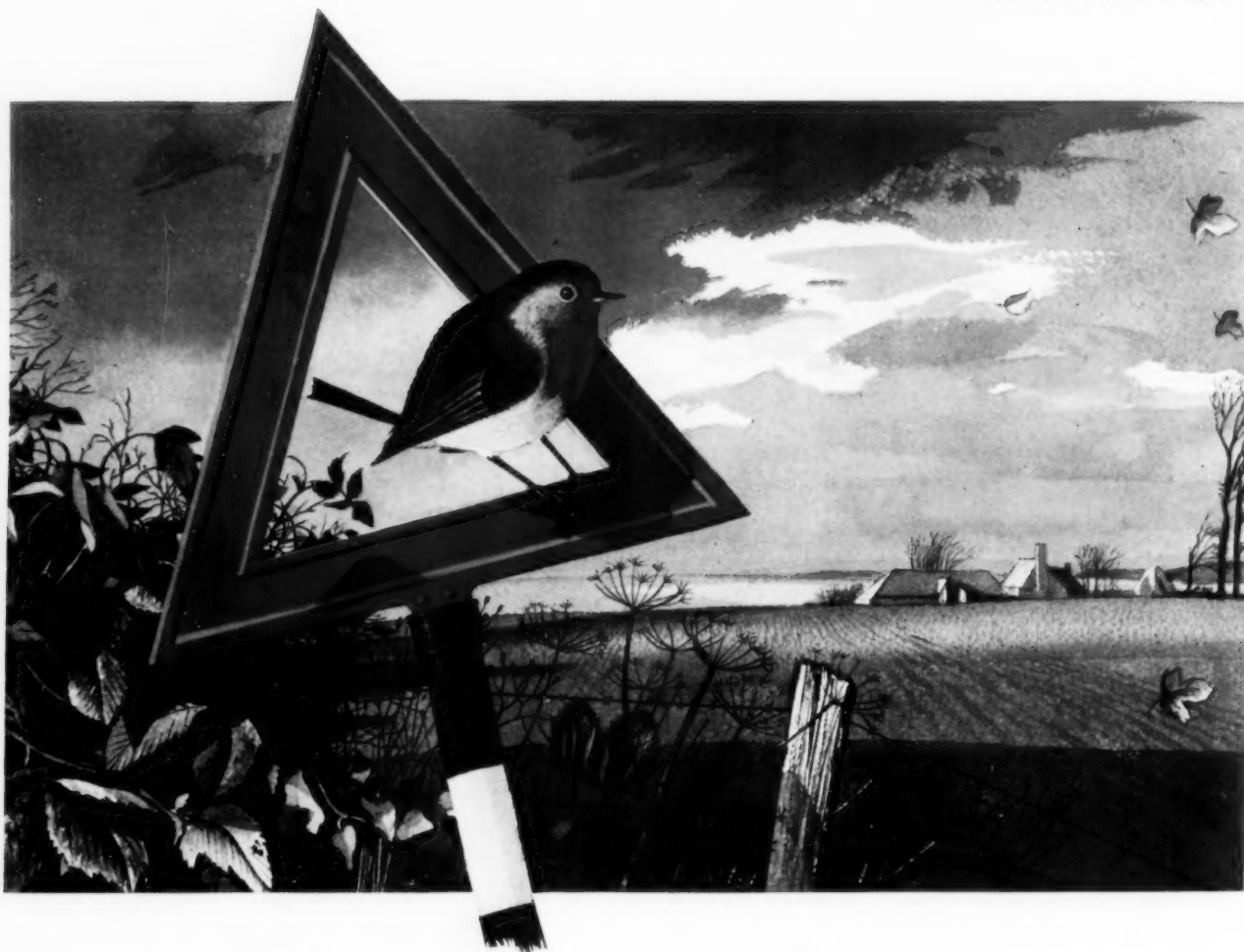
We believe that the new Princess is one of the finest big cars in the world. We ask you to test the accuracy of our belief with a searching trial, not just a "demonstration". Any Austin dealer will be pleased to arrange such a trial. And remember the Princess now carries a twelve months' guarantee.

Austin Princess IV Saloon £3,376. 7. 0. Austin Princess IV Touring Limousine £3,541. 7. 0. Including Tax.


Vanden Plas



The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham: Coachbuilders, Vanden Plas (England) 1923 Limited, Kingsbury Works, Kingsbury, London N.W.9



Freeze-up Danger Ahead!

BE SAFE! GET BLUECOL NOW!

Expensive, inconvenient freeze-up damage can wreck your car's cooling system on any of the 180-odd days from mid-October to mid-April. It can happen in your garage overnight. It can happen while your car is parked. It can even happen — in very cold weather — while you're actually driving. You can never be *sure*. Unless, of course, you fill up *now* with Bluecol — the doubly-safe* anti-freeze that most leading British motor manufacturers use to protect their new cars. Be safe. Get peace of mind. Next time you're at your garage for petrol, give *your* car this sure, night-and-day protection of Bluecol!

* BLUECOL is doubly-safe; safe (when used as a 25% solution) against 47° of frost; and safe (because of the special inhibitors it contains) against rusting and similar chemical action.

Available at all good garages and leading accessory suppliers

BLUECOL

THE DOUBLY SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

one of SMITHS accessories for better motoring

Back from the sea....



"... I was in Cyprus
when a ship ran aground
and broke in half
near where I was stationed.

Amongst the flotsam were several tins of
Barneys tobacco which I picked up.
They had already had rough treatment, being
washed some four hundred yards to the
shore and covered in diesel-oil, but were
still in perfect condition inside. Some
eighteen months later I came across a tin which
I had forgotten and found the tobacco was
still perfect. My only disappointment
was that it was not your Punchbowl,
which I prefer".

(This letter can be seen at
11 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1)

PUNCHBOWLE
(Full)
BARNEYS
(Medium)
PARSONS' PLEASURE
(Mild)

4'10 ¹/₂

THE OUNCE



The sunshine of FRANCE—



without
crossing the Channel!

By journeying no further than to your wine merchant's, you can have much of the joy of a tour through France—land of sunshine and good living! Get his advice. He'll tell you that wine really means France, and France means a whole series of glorious wines—a choice for every taste and every mood. Every pocket, too: prices range from about 6/6 a bottle. Here's a brief reminder:

ALSACE

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp, clean, fresh and fragrant.

BORDEAUX

The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb chateau wines, Bordeaux offers fine value at every price.

BURGUNDY

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Mâcon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

CHAMPAGNE

The pure districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle—Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'oeuvre to dessert.

LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON & ALGERIA

The south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally, but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

RHÔNE

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

TOURAINE/ANJOU

From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.

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Wines of France

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I've kept the place a lot tidier since we started using this Leeming service—no dirty old cleaning rags lying about. Wouldn't you prefer a nice clean soft absorbent cloth to wipe your hands on or clean a machine? The men draw clean cloths from the stores and hand in the dirty ones; Leemings collect, and bring a clean supply each week automatically. No trouble, the storekeeper says, and they even tell me it's cheaper than buying rags. I wonder we didn't get on to it here years ago—all the big firms in the country use Leemings.

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you have always
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Just a few pulls through the magic tungsten carbide V puts a really keen edge on stainless steel table and kitchen knives. Anodised in colours to suit your kitchen.

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IN ROLLED GOLD, SILVER OR NICKEL SILVER
FROM LEADING JEWELLERS AND STATIONERS

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GIFT!

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MAGNETIC BOTTLE OPENER

This immensely popular magnetic crown cork bottle opener is a "once-in-a-lifetime" novelty that is really practical. The strong magnet in the head holds the cork, and it will give years of service. Available in chromium or with fancy leather handles and in de luxe models with bamboo, pearl and other handles in a variety of designs. Choose a "Cortu" for all your friends this Christmas—they'll thank you for years to come.

On sale at all good Stores throughout the world
Enquiries to

Cortu Magnetic Crown Cork Opener Ltd.
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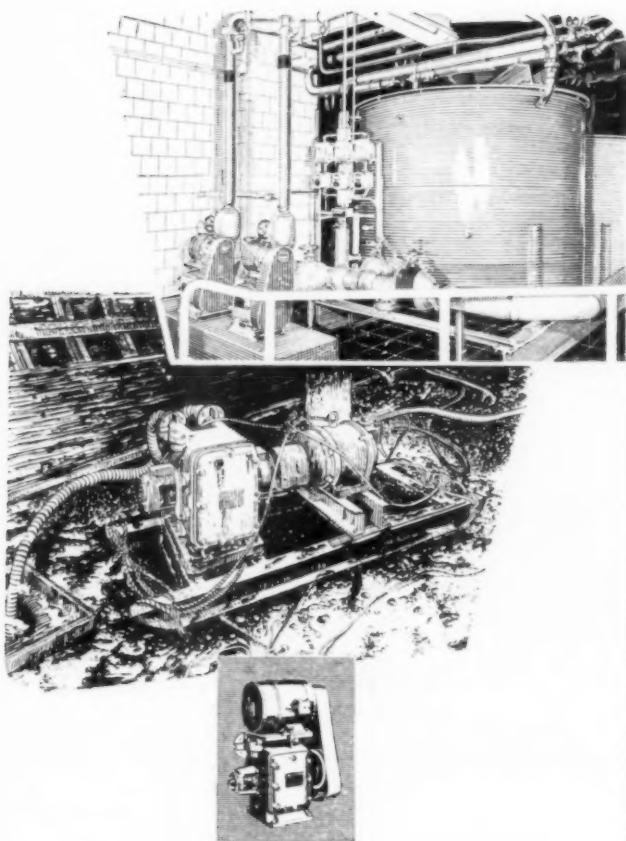
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Quietly superior



-in any setting

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Fifteen-Fifty

Price £640 plus P.T. £321.7.0.
Selective, Automatic Control
extra

Price £33.6.8. plus P.T. £16.13.4.



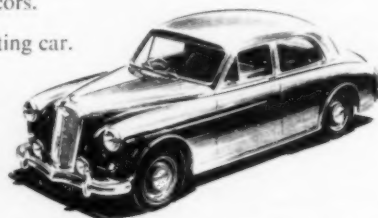
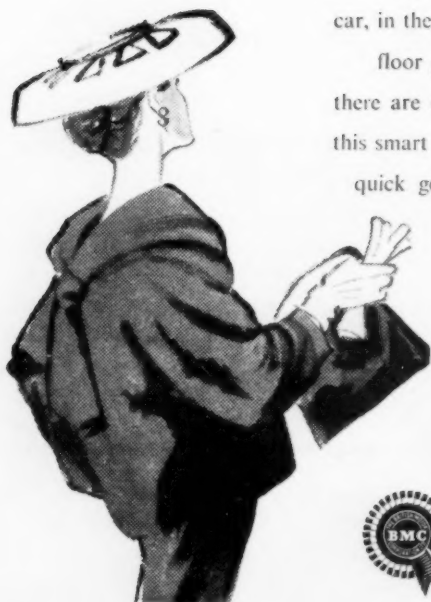
TWO-PEDAL MOTORING

The Fifteen-Fifty is now available with Selective Automatic, Two-Pedal Control as an optional extra. The floor gear change lever controls gear selection and clutch operation is automatic under all conditions. The normal clutch pedal has been eliminated. Driving with Selective, Automatic Control is absolute simplicity.

Just my type - distinguished and exciting!

Indeed madam, the very thing for those who demand something out of the ordinary. You'll love driving this luxurious Fifteen-Fifty. A graceful car, in the best of taste, not too large but very roomy and *so* easy to handle. The floor gear change is a delight and with Selective, Automatic, Control there are only two pedals, the brake and accelerator, to deal with. You must try this smart new Wolseley, the new 1½ litre engine gives extra power for a quick get-away, there are new additions to your driving comfort, a new range of colour decors.

Altogether a most exciting car.



Buy wisely - buy

WOLSELEY

Twelve Months' Warranty



There is also the 2.6 litre Six-Ninety Series II

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W.119



CHARIVARIA

THE work of the White Fish Authority goes on with modest efficiency, its only impact on the public consciousness the whispered confidences by cuddlesome little cod in the advertisement columns. Readers of its Fifth Annual Report, though it clashed unhappily with more stirring events elsewhere, were greatly impressed by its scope and energy (reference is made to "the introduction of 'fish-sticks,'" to the Federation of Fish Quick Freezers, the Management Committee of the Distant Water Vessels Development Scheme, and to the Authority's Code of Practice on Freezing), and got the feeling that a really go-ahead organization was at work here. This made it all the more disappointing to read last week that, on the recommendation of the Authority, the White Fish and Herring Industries Bill will provide—at this point in our economic history—for the conversion of fishing vessels to the use of oil fuel.

No Bombs in the Weddell Sea

INSTEAD of the usual flood, a mere trickle of adulation marked last Thursday's departure of those gallant antarctic adventurers, destined for long months of



grim hardship in the frozen South. The humdrum, stay-at-home man in the street found it difficult to work up much hero-worship for the intrepid expedition members: he was too busy wishing he was going with them.

They Live That Long?

DURING one of the barely perceptible slackenings in the flood of international news the lung cancer scare was quickly flung into the gap by wide and gleeful

quotation of the latest *British Medical Journal* report. Almost simultaneously, one astute cigarette manufacturer changed his advertisement policy, throwing over the traditional well-groomed youngster inhaling the controversial fumes and showing instead a white-haired man.

Deserted Street Scene

SOME confusion in the public mind has naturally arisen from the conflicting reasons given by Government spokesmen for the policy on Suez. Was its



intention to protect British lives, secure the Canal, foil Russian aggression, separate the combatants or shock some action out of U.N.? Many people don't believe any of these explanations. They think Sir Anthony's action to be a subtle approach to the solution of the road accident problem.

Burnt Pocket Peril

STUDENTS of the Chester by-election campaign reported encouragingly on the British elector's grasp of current dangers and difficulties. Mr. Temple, the successful candidate, was frequently under heavy fire on the question of increased National Health Service prescription charges.

Glimpses of Greatness

CELEBRITY exploitation has reached its peak with the appearance of Mr. Harold Macmillan's portrait in a furnishing advertisement, flanked by the headline "'You can't lose,' says Chancellor." The reference is to a scheme for presenting a Premium Bond to every purchaser of twenty-five pounds' worth

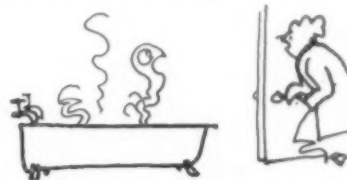
of furniture, and it at least serves the purpose of reminding readers that the Premium Bonds plan remains a springy plank in the Conservative platform. Possibly Mr. Macmillan's venture will suggest ideas to other Ministers for the opportunist use of their faces. Mr. Aubrey Jones's should look pleasing on a pool petrol pump.

You, You and You

IN an article vigorously describing the anger of the Russian people at British and French action in the Middle East, *Pravda* announced that more than fifty thousand Russian reservists had already volunteered for duty in Egypt. It may not now be necessary to tell them.

No Lodgers By Order

SHEFFIELD authorities are looking into complaints from a council house tenant that the sides of her bed sink at night, as if unseen persons were lying down on



each side of her, and have called in psychical research workers and asked a local priest to report to the house for exorcism duties. Unless a solution results from these measures, they will have no alternative but to raise her rent.

Bubble Reputations

As a weapon of war, psychology has undoubtedly come to stay, but at least it should be left to the psychologists to wield, not to the fighting man. A British newspaper correspondent reports that an Israeli officer, explaining his policy of letting routed Egyptians run away instead of being made prisoner, said: "They will pass on the news of what really happened, and let the Egyptians

know how Nasser's army . . . was a hopeless failure." Statistics may never become available to show just how many picturesquely battered warriors, staggering heroically home, took this line with their admiring friends and families.

Sefton Delmer Bites Dog

RELIABLE sources report that the shade of Lord Northcliffe is well pleased with the current state of popular journalism. In his day "Women See Horse Fall Down" afforded enough of a twist to touch a dull item with glamour: he could never have hoped for "Mail Man Sees Hungary Defeated."

Outer Darkness

BOGNOR REGIS churchgoers are angry and resentful over the decision to ban a parrot from a recent pets' service on the ground that it often emits wolf-whistles and exclaims "You're a smasher." They see no sort of sense in denying the Church's teaching to the one creature most obviously in need of it.

Volunteer, Go Home

TAKE back your tank,
Take back your men;
What made you bank
On luring me into your den?
Take back your gun,
Your shells and your jet;
I see no fun
In being a satellite yet.

OUR, YOUR AND THEIR BRAVE LADS

From a Middle Eastern Correspondent (on Loan)

I HAVE just come back from a visit to the boys of the United Nations "police force" in Egypt, and I am glad to report that all is very much well with them.

Never before since warfare first began can such an army have taken the field. From the frozen tundras of Iceland, from the steaming jungles of Pakistan, from the fertile uplands of Ethiopia and the teeming cities of the Dominican Republic, this great force has been assembled with no other object than not to get to grips with the enemy, not to let the enemy get to grips with anybody else, and to decide who, if anyone, the enemy is.

Already giant American aircraft have flown in close on two thousand men, who are regrouping preparatory to taking over positions from the British and French. They include Afghans, Canadians, Luxembourgish, Indonesians, Tamils and Venezuelans. Even as I write, another giant plane swoops down and discharges its load—a platoon of tough little hillmen from Nicaragua, each one armed to the teeth with tommyguns, cameras and American currency.

I spoke this morning with a tall blue-eyed Norwegian corporal fresh from the mountain snows of Finnmark, who is serving with a company of ski-troops.

"This is not quite the war we have been training for," he told me in broken English. "I do not think we shall get much good skiing here, but a soldier must make the best of things."

He showed me a picture of his wife and kiddies whom he had left at home in Kautakeino.

"How are the rations?" I asked him.

"What rations?" he replied.

Half a mile further on I came across a Sikh armoured-car troop, their vehicles still painted in dark green jungle camouflage. A bearded and turbaned lance-naik greeted me.

"We have been practising river-crossings in thickly-grown country," he told me, "but I expect we shall soon get used to things here."

He showed me a photograph of his wives and kiddies.

"Are the rations O.K.?" I asked him.

A peculiarity of this Army of the Nations, as I call it, is that it has no supply services and no communications. When the call came, every one of the United Nations was keen to take part with a brigade, a battalion or a squadron of tanks, but it did not occur to any of them to send a general transport company, a mobile bath unit or a field bakery. In every contingent, however, they are confident that the United States will supply these items in time.

As far as communications are concerned, each detachment came equipped with its own signals organization, but of course the language problem has not been easy. The only languages in which orders could be given so as to be comprehensible to more than a few of this great Parade of the Nations, as I call it, are English and French, and of course they are strictly taboo.

An experiment was made with the quick translation of brief orders over the wireless; but the first order took four hours to transmit in the twenty-four languages required, and it was decided that the system would not be likely to work in the event of active operations.

Some complaints are being heard that no food, petrol or ammunition is yet available and the troops have received no operation orders: but everyone is sure that the United States will provide all these things in due course.

B. A. Y.



PLEASE GIVE
to the Lord Mayor of London's
HUNGARIAN RELIEF FUND

GIFTS of money, but not of clothing or other items, with which other organizations are dealing, are urgently wanted. Cheques should be made out to "The Lord Mayor's Hungarian Relief Fund."

Please do not send donations to PUNCH but to:

THE LORD MAYOR'S HUNGARIAN RELIEF FUND,
THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4



THE PLIGHT OF THE BOOK TRADE

(Please pass this circular on to your friends)

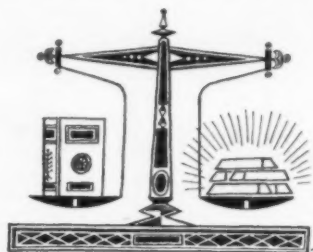
Message from the Chairman of the Emergency Appeal:

OUR LAND FACES THE BLEAKEST FUTURE SINCE THE ICE AGE UNLESS THE PUBLIC RECOGNIZES THAT NO MORAL DUTY RANKS ABOVE BOOK-BUYING. WE HAVE THE FINEST PUBLISHERS IN THE WORLD: LET US SEE TO IT THAT WE ARE WORTHY OF THEM. MARK PATTISON SAID THAT A MAN SHOULD SPEND ONE-TENTH OF HIS INCOME ON BOOKS. WITH THE FALL IN THE VALUE OF MONEY IT SHOULD NOW BE ONE-FIFTH. LET OUR MOTTO BE: *A BOOK IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.*

Figures of Doom

STOP! Do you realize that of every pound a publisher earns, up to nineteen-and-sixpence may be taken in tax? The Book Trade has repeatedly pointed out to the nation that it is lucky to have books at all. The figures have often been printed. English Literature will come to an end unless (a) the price of the average best-seller is raised to thirty-five shillings; (b) there is no rise in labour costs; (c) booksellers share the cost of binding; (d) all dramatic, film, and television rights are retained by publishers; and (e) authors' royalties become payable only after the cost of production has been covered. If it were not for the fact that publishers regard themselves as standard-bearers of culture rather than mere merchants, the Book Trade would publish only a single book a year, in one vast edition. This would much reduce setting costs and simplify advertising.

Nor is the prospect for booksellers hopeful. Soon they may be driven to unseemly sidelines. Their premises are subject to rates every whit as crippling as the entertainment duty. They have to pay their assistants wages far above those paid in the days when retail book-selling was developed by the heroic efforts of a few Scotsmen. Some books on their shelves they may never sell at all. If a bookseller bids at an auction for what the auctioneer thinks is a seed-catalogue and his own sharp eyes have recognized as a palimpsest, he runs the risk of being outbid by some casual visitor with no overheads at all. Surely booksellers have a claim upon their fellow-citizens who, without their help, would sink into barbarism, *probably in less than a decade.*



All branches of this great industry are affected. Schools of Authorship are reduced to teaching their students how to write advertising copy for schools of authorship. Master printers are wondering whether to charge higher rates for polysyllables. Literary agents are encouraging their clients to sail before the mast and not break off for autobiography. Novelists who wish to maintain a reasonable standard of culture are having to get their children adopted.

Something has already been done. A protest march of publishers has demanded the liberalization of the Bankruptcy Laws. The march, which was organized by a leading firm of public relations consultants, was preceded by luncheon at the Caprice. A deputation to the Minister of Education has urged an increase in the time devoted to teaching reading and a reduction in the time devoted to arithmetic in Primary Schools. An appeal has been made to the chain stores to display pictures of authors in their windows as a tribute to British Civilization. Yet more is needed.

Unless the price of books is to rival that of television sets, unless poets are to continue to have to lower themselves by working for the B.B.C., unless bookshops have to start charging for admission, **THE PUBLIC MUST ACT.**

How You Can Help

FIRST, of course, by never going home without an armful of new books, purchased without discount, and by sending to Coventry any of your neighbours who do not follow your example.

Then what about flag days? Let your friends know about the splendid work of the Society of Authors and the Publishers' Association and they will surely want to get out into the streets with their trays and collecting-boxes.

Have you a week-end cottage? Rather shame-making, is it not, to think of yourself having two homes when many of those upon whom the nation's future rests have barely one? Why not lend your cottage rent-free to some author or, if cottage is rather too modest a description, to some publisher?

How many times a year do you put on "glad rags"? You are lucky if it is only occasionally. Many of those who bear the banner of culture have to dine out constantly. Why not wear a lounge suit next time and let your dinner-jacket enable some creative mind to participate in the society he is describing?

Why not refertilize your brain by taking up some completely fresh subject and making a point of getting all the best books on it, new and old? If you do not manage to master all that is to be known about your new interest, you can at least take pride in helping to keep some branch of British learning alive.

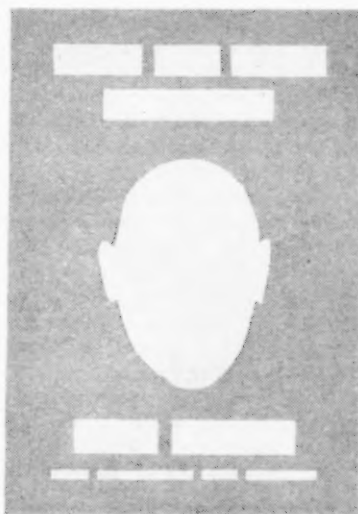
Why not cut out smoking, drinking and cinemas and place a standing order with your bookseller? His wise counsel is always at your disposal.

Get up a petition in your street in favour of applying the unused bread subsidy to printing paper.

Specimen Multi-purpose Book Jackets



Historical Romance



My Story



Private Eye

A Symposium on Book-Trade Problems

(Edited from a tape-recording)

CHAIRMAN: Now, Cyril, you're a poet. Suppose you start. Right?

Cyril: If you think so, Claud. Man lives by the spirit. Poets are vessels of the community's holiness, as warriors are of its virility; but once their apartness is menaced the Arts themselves must die. The poet is no longer reverently maintained by the society he teaches.

Edgar: Now that's a point my experience can throw a bit of light on. We handled the film rights of *Gunning for Nudes*. The hero was a teacher . . .

Chairman: Perhaps we might let Cyril develop his point a little further.

Cyril: It is not possible for a poet to live in central London and mix with his equals unless he takes humiliating jobs like reviewing or accepts the charity of the B.B.C. or the British Council.

Thomas: But surely Chaucer worked in the Customs and Donne and Hopkins were clergymen and Arnold inspected schools and Shelley . . .

Cyril: It is, somehow, a different world.

Chairman: Thanks, Cyril. Now, Cedric, how is the plight affecting your Correspondence Courses?

Cedric: *Blurb-writing's* not doing too badly, but it is becoming difficult to keep *Sporting Memoirs* and *Verse Drama* going.

Chairman: Maurice, I wonder whether you could give us a lead about what's to be done?

Maurice: We in the Anthology trade hardly make ends meet, even using immigrant labour on the editing. The

only solution is to allow food as an income-tax expense. No food, no work; and no work, no taxable income.

Thomas: But—

Edgar: Just let me tell you something. As long as there are people so low that they borrow books, there's going to be famine in the trade. I knew a man, man name of Perkins-Winbolt, T. P. Perkins-Winbolt, who would go round friends' houses on a Saturday afternoon borrowing his week-end reading. The Press isn't being a true watchdog when it doesn't pillory a man like that. He was a fast reader and he would arrive back home with a whole armful. What's more, if he found any book he didn't like he'd try to put people off reading it.

Chairman: Well, it is always interesting to have a particular case brought up in a general discussion. Can anyone suggest how men like this could be dealt with?

Edgar: Just told you. Get the Press to treat them like relatives in murder trials. No good appealing to their better natures. They haven't any.

Cedric: If enough people would write letters to borrowers pointing out the moral side of it, perhaps something might be done. I'm a great believer in correspondence as a force for good.

Cyril: The great business houses, the trade unions, local councils, schools, multiple stores, women's clubs, football teams, crews of ships, all ought to support a poet.

Chairman: Well, thank you all for a very stimulating discussion. I think it boils down to this: The World Owes the Book Trade a Living.

Wrinkles for the Antiquarian Trade

THE shrinkage among bookmen and the shortening of many a purse has verily placed upon our fraternity no mean onus. We must bestir ourselves and not leave the adoption of ingenious devices to our brothers of the novelty trade.

A large proportion of many stocks consists of Theology. If the outlay required to hire a cleric to display visible delight be too high, recourse may be made to jovial clerical portraits in the window. Nor should the part played by fear in overcoming sales-resistance be ignored. A hand outlined in red pointing at the customer and accompanied by the query "Whither?" might well stimulate eschatological turnover.

Volumes in bad condition may prove more attractive if rebound in parchment indecipherably lettered in grey ink.

The parchment should not fit and from a distance the general effect of *incunabula* might well attract customers to an otherwise unattractive shelf.

Memoirs sell better if a middle page from a letter, any letter, be pasted inside the cover, so long as it contains neither signature nor address.

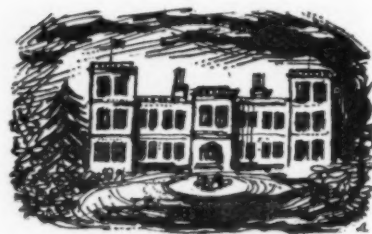
Stamp inside novels: "Order to destroy reversed by majority on appeal. Return to shop with warning."

Insert letters in local press under imposing patronymics urgently seeking volumes you have found slow-moving. Add some such phrase as "Rarity value paid."

Employ sandwichmen to read as they pass along the street. (Be careful about liability for damage to them.)

Have you thought of offering "Easy Terms"?

Out and About with "The Gazer."



A Visit to Paternosters

PLEASANT lawns, gay flower-beds and the marked presence of a lake are what The Gazer noticed on turning into the sprucely gravelled drive that leads to the Home of Rest wherein retired members of the book trade eke out their autumn years.

The first portion of the magnificent Tudor mansion that The Gazer visited was the lofty Great Hall, which is more than noteworthy for its plethora of beams, armour and reminders of yore. This serves as a sitting-room for those of the Masters who fall within the category of publishers. Adjacent to it is the Banqueting Hall, where tasty repasts are served to them. The Gazer was much interested to view the famous pearl-handled *foie gras* servers, the platinum-gilt magnum coolers and the gold dessert service, by custom reserved for knights.

On the first floor The Gazer found himself entranced by the view of the golf-course, coverts and polo ground from the Blue Drawing-room, once the haunt of dowagers and now the social centre of the booksellers. Upon the floor above are the apartments of the master printers, where sober comfort is combined with indoor sports.

Peace and kindness are to be found at Paternosters. Upkeep in this era of rising costs is indeed a problem and all who love literature should hasten to join the seven-year Covenant Scheme or, for those who like a personal side to their good works, the scheme by which one can adopt a publisher. Time prevented a visit to the Brethren on the top floor, where nourishing food and dormitory accommodation are provided at nominal cost for authors.

As The Gazer turned out of the heraldic gates into the twilight he carried with him many a memory to add to his squirrel's store.

* * * * *

"HOW MANY



BOOKSHELVES DO YOU ADD A YEAR?"

CAMPAIGN QUOTES: 'Tis bookish maids that marry the soonest (Saw). Headsman, let me finish the volume (The Monster of Munster). Illiteracy is bunk (Henry Ford). Literature provides exaltation without hangover (Royal Commission). The value of books is the value of diamonds but their price is the price of garnets (Saw). The patriot can be told by his over-flowing book-shelves (*How to Tell a Patriot*, 1811). I would rather have published Gray's *Elegy* than taken Quebec (Wolfe). Who ever heard of Readers' Cramp? (Rhetorical Question). Let me drown but see that my travelling Encyclopædia is saved (Overheard during a shipwreck). Books be the devil's *bêtes noires* (Saw).

Economies There Must Be

IF the public respond to the appeal, as respond they surely must, and step up their book-buying to hitherto unknown heights, they will rightly expect that the Book Trade should do its share by devising every possible economy and leaving no effort unmade to reduce costs.

The Appeal Committee is therefore recommending the following economies:

Discontinuing the use of italics. Foreign phrases will be taken as naturalized or translated.

Dropping dedications, chapter-headings, list of previous books by the author, university degrees and military honours held by the author, and descriptive passages except in descriptive books.

Not using colour in atlases.

Leaving less room between stacks in antiquarian book-shops.

Manufacturing edible books for children.

Reducing labour costs by the use of alphabetic indexes. Numbering chapters in Arabic numerals.

Not beginning new speeches on a fresh line in printing plays.

Lowering royalties as sales increase.

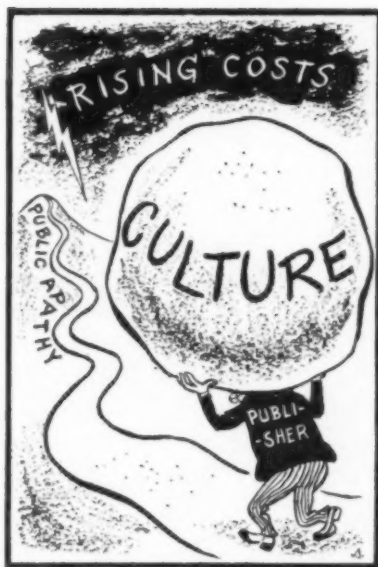
Advances to be from authors to publishers, not vice versa.

Discontinuing the use of hyphenated characters.

Printing all verse continuously, simply marking line-endings with strokes.

Running football pools, insurance companies, property corporations and anything the Trade can lay its hands on in Texas.

Moving centre of publishing industry to Bahamas.



Advertisers' Announcements

WANTS

PUBLISHER of dialect fiction crippled by insistence of Treasury on seeing restaurant bills would welcome unwanted same.

ROMANCER (FLUVIAL) needs babysitters. Would any Guide Company help?

STATISTICIAN offers to calculate losses on percentage basis. Principals only.

BOOKSELLER with unsold stock of last-century humour would welcome ideas for disposal. Nothing involving hire animals.

PRINTER would be glad to meet others experiencing reluctance of public to substitute printing for typewriting, view invoking Parliament to make illegal.

POET so far minor poems only would welcome volunteer assist housework to release from thralldom of earning charmonym from B.B.C.

PAPER MILL tycoon would like to meet others (genuine).

INVENTOR rapid method of teaching reading invites grant for further research.

Draft Bill for Protection of Book Trade

Explanatory Memorandum

- (i) 1. The Offence of Sedition to apply only to spoken words and actions.
2. The Offence of Blasphemy, ditto.
3. No civil or criminal proceedings for Libel to follow non-periodical publication, including therein annuals.
- (ii) 1. Derating of publishers' premises, including any dwelling-place used wholly or partly for purposes directly or indirectly related to publishing.
2. Expenditure on books deductible income tax expense for all tax-payers.
3. Duty-free wines for aged poets.
- (iii) 1. All new council-houses to include library.
- (iv) 1. No prosecution for Obscenity shall succeed where the words objected to are (a) the anatomical terms or (b) the vernacular equivalents set out in the Schedule hereto.
2. No prosecution shall lie where the actions described are (a) those or (b) similar to those detailed in the Schedule.
3. No prosecution shall lie for the printing in volume form of plates of the same general character as those reproduced in the Schedule.

Schedule to the Draft Bill for the Protection of the Book Trade. Of all Booksellers, £5 5s. 0d.





"Well, can you let me have a little to get me to a place where they can let me have a little?"

I Hate Poems

By ROBERT GRAVES

IN all I have had thirty-two slim volumes of verse presented to me this year—an increase of nearly twenty-five per cent over last year's total. Most of them get sent to my London agent for forwarding to me in Majorca; which means that he is expected to put extra stamps on the parcels and fill in forms at the post office. Also, when they arrive, Castor the postman hands me a slip of paper apprising me that an object of value (unspecified) has reached Valldemosa (a village about nine miles away, celebrated by Milton in his famous phrase "thick as thieves in Valldemosa"), for securing which four pesetas, seventy centimos, customs dues are required, and that I must collect it in person between the hours of 10 and 11 a.m., presenting my documentation of identity, and may God grant my honour many years!

I am always fooled into the belief that it will be something really useful at last, something unprocureable in the island,

such as a simple, old-fashioned honest-to-goodness wooden pen-holder and a box of Relief nibs, or a reel of strong sewing thread to keep the row of silver buttons safely on my waistcoat, or even glacé pineapple chunks. But no: it always turns out to be another slim volume of verse, inscribed in ball-point by the author and enclosing the same personal letter (which is, of course, what prevents it from going by ordinary book post and avoiding customs dues): "Dear Mr. Graves, I am a young poet . . ."

Somehow I lack the moral strength to tell the Valldemosa postmaster: "Thank you, Don Placido, but this object is, I regret, not quite worth four pesetas seventy. With your leave I shall abandon it." That would involve Don Placido in a deal of tedious correspondence and trouble. It's not *his* fault, after all, that people send me gifts that I neither desire nor deserve. And, besides, what if the book happened to be a

startling exception to the rule that no disinterested person ever sends objects of value to total strangers? When I was a young poet myself I printed a slim volume of verse at my own expense and sent copies off to the nine or ten elder poets who were about at the time. The stuff was no good, of course, but at least I did not run them into any expense or enclose a letter asking for their frank criticism. Nor, when only two of them acknowledged the gift (in brief, cold phrases) did I write pestering the others to confirm my hope that they had received their copies safely—which is what the young poets of to-day do.

Gift-novels are almost as disappointing, because the ones that turn up at Valldemosa are without exception wholly unreadable historical novels—highly sexed dramatizations of modern life cleverly set in ancient Crete, or ancient Rome, or ancient somewhere else. Not a decent whodunit in the lot. However, even historical novels, in

clean wrappers, can be sold here to hotel managers for their libraries at a few pesetas each—enough to cover the customs dues, though not my visit to Valldemosa—whereas poetry is absolutely unsaleable except as wastepaper at eighty centimos a kilo, and then I have to lug at least a sackful of it to the paper merchant in his back street before he will consent to weigh and pay for it in filthy small notes.

Should I feel flattered when a young poet thinks well enough of my work to send me a complimentary copy of his first book? I don't see that. Young poets are always jealous of the elder generation with whom they feel themselves in competition; and it has been only since I reached my sixties that this bombardment started. So I conclude that they now think of me not as a rival but as a distinguished dead-head ensconced in a wheeled chair on the side-line of the arena, applauding the gymnastic triumphs of flaming youth. Oh, I forgive them with all my heart, and though I may sound cantankerous here, the truth is that I do write back as nicely as I can. But what hard work! Much as I love poetry, I *hate* poems, despite my life-long neurotic compulsion to write them: in fact, I don't see why just because I suffer from a sore thumb, other people's thumbs should be shoved all raw and bleeding under my nose for sympathetic scrutiny, and even praise.

It's bad enough having to face one's own accumulated poems—a chronicle of all the frightening, unhappy or immoderately exciting events that have plagued a long life—without having to read other chaps' case-histories, often bogus, and being expected to belaud them in high-class literary journals. They are trying to live by their pens, they tell me, and have young children. All right, so am I; and so have I, several; and what are they doing about me?

When I was young (if my memory can be trusted, which is doubtful) one didn't expect to be publicly supported just because one happened to write unsaleable verse; but thought it positively glorious to starve in a garret. Whereas poets of the Welfare State, it seems, believe that poetry should be included in the table of mental sicknesses requiring costly and considerate treatment: a service-flat in town, porterhouse steaks, pink gin, black silk pyjamas and

free travel warrants by land, sea and air. Cheated of all that, they expect me to give them a leg-up, as though I could somehow force the public to pay good money for slim volumes which I so much dislike being given free!

Poems by Indians, Cingalese, or Japs are peculiarly embarrassing. I can't very well write to say: "Why don't you stick to your own something languages, as I do to mine?" That would be a breach of international good manners . . . No, I don't differentiate between American and English young poets, except that the first usually expect me to sponsor them for Guggenheim Fellowships—I am supposed to have the Guggenheim Foundation in my waistcoat pocket. I don't even differentiate between the modernistic, the academic, the neo-modernistic, and the neo-academic. It's simply that I have come to shudder at *any* volume, regardless of creed, colour, race, sex or binding, the text of which doesn't run decently across the page from margin to margin.

It's no trouble, of course, being rude to publishers who write me sob-letters about the difficulty of selling original work nowadays, and how I must surely

agree that the true Parnassian flame burns in Mr. Tel and Miss Chose; but I hate being rude to the young poets themselves, especially women, and therefore waste whole mornings on trying to hit exactly the right phrase which will cheer but not inebriate them.

Of course, I don't actually *read* all the books. I flip through them first, and apply a few tests to see whether I need go any deeper. If, for example, the author at the beginning says that he has to thank *The Godolphin Gazette*, *Minutiae*, *Fresh Faces*, *Wham!*, *The Fine-Cotton Spinners' Monthly*, *Keepsake*, *Poetry Rutland*, *Golden Balls*, and *The Times Literary Supplement* for permission to reprint certain poems, then I know he's either a liar or a simpleton—because all that he should have sold is his first serial rights. So the book is likely to go straight into the wastepaper-basket. If he dedicates each poem to a different public personage, it's destined for the fire; he's a parasite. If he includes indigestible chunks of Greek and German in the text, or prints long, learned notes at the end, it's for the sea; he's a pedant. If he runs to Sanskrit, Chinese, or Provençal, I throw it into



"I wonder if you'd have this retuned."

a frog-pond without more ado; he's a poetaster, a pedantaster, and a poundling. If a photographic portrait on the cover shows him with his eager, thoughtful face deliberately tilted against the light, and if all the poems are labelled: "Cerrig-y-Druidion, Feb. 14th, 1953"—"Sark, June 3rd, 1954"—"Bayreuth, Wagner Festival, 1955"—and so on, I reserve it for the compost heap; he's a careerist.

The worst of all is the poet who comes calling here in person, removes the book from a side-pocket of his dirty rucksack, presses it into my hands with a sigh of

relief, as though having come so far to bore me were a virtue, and waits for me to open it. I don't. I fill him a glass of sherry without a word. Presently, when I remark that I haven't been reading lately—suffering from eye-strain—he eagerly offers to read the poems aloud to me; and expects to be rewarded with talk, food, drink, a bed for the night, and perhaps a Guggenheim Fellowship later on—oh, and could I lend him my shaving brush and razor, because he's travelling light, and this isn't supposed to be a beard though it looks remarkably like one, ha, ha, ha!

That's the fellow who gets under my guard, and apart from my shaving brush (which I don't lend), and the reading aloud (which I decline with thanks), and the Guggenheim Fellowship (which is not in my giving), he usually goes off next morning with all his needs fulfilled. My lack of moral strength again—disguised as old-world hospitality. When he is safely out of sight I feel that I never want to write another poem in my life; which is, of course, a very wholesome state of mind. I wish I could communicate it to a thousand others, old and young.

A Visit to Gertrude Stein

By CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

I ONLY met Gertrude Stein once, and the circumstances were these. It was early in 1945 and I, a captain in the United States army, had been stationed for the last few months in London. I had recently married, and my wife and I were living in a small Chelsea flat. In the evenings when I was not on duty we often, perhaps usually, went to one or other of the near-by pubs for a glass or two of beer: spirits were almost unobtainable at the time, so one had to go out for one's evening drink. In the course of these outings we had met, on more than one occasion, Sir Francis Rose, the painter, who had long been a friend if not actually a protégé of Gertrude Stein's. Indeed, I have heard tell that it was of him that the immortal line—*a rose is a rose is a rose*—was written, though

whether or not this is true I cannot say.

In the very early spring of that year the military organization for which I worked decided that I should pay a brief visit to SHAEF, then located at Rheims. I decided that I would improve the occasion by visiting, for my own purposes, Paris, which had been my home before the war. One evening, in our local, I mentioned this to Sir Francis Rose over a glass of mild-and-bitter. He told me that an exhibition of his had recently been opened in Paris under the aegis of Gertrude Stein, but that he himself had been unable to procure a permit to go to France. Would I do him the kindness of calling on Miss Stein, finding out what sort of a reception his pictures had had, how they were selling, and if possible bring

back any press clippings that were available? I said that I should be delighted to do so.

So on the second of my two days in Paris—a strictly illegal stay for which I could, I believe, have been court-martialled—I rang up Miss Stein and spoke to Miss Toklas, to whom I explained my business and who kindly invited me to tea that afternoon. Although I had many friends in Paris with whom I would rather have spent my few brief and stolen hours, I must admit that I was curious to see the much publicized Gertrude Stein: she was at that time being extolled by the popular press as a sort of monument to American culture, much as the Gibson Girls had been in the past and *Porgy and Bess* was to be in the future. Also it was a very small service to render an acquaintance marooned in dank and thirsty London.

Her apartment was behind Saint-Germain-des-Prés, in an old hotel. Miss Toklas opened the door, and I found myself confronted with the largest white poodle I have ever seen; this animal, named Basket, had also come in for a certain amount of publicity. He was certainly a handsome dog. I left my cap and gloves in the hall and followed Miss Toklas into the drawing-room.

The first thing I noticed in that room, where there were so many pictures on the walls, was the large and celebrated brownish portrait that Picasso had painted of Gertrude Stein before the First World War. It hung over the fireplace and scowled across the room. Almost under it, though to one side,



"Heel!"

sat the sitter, who was not at the moment scowling. She was, indeed, laughing at the antics of a thoroughly extroverted American corporal who, at the top of his voice and with ample gesticulation, was mimicking somebody or other. I introduced myself. Miss Stein said: "An American officer is a contradiction in terms."

I was spared from attempting to find a riposte to this inane and rather offensive epigram, for the corporal went right on with his imitation. I glanced at the pictures. When he had finished his turn he peered at me, then said:

"Darlingest Gertrude, I must fly!" kissed both her hands effusively, and flew.

The pictures were School of Paris, of course, mostly Spanish class, Picabia, Juan Gris, Miro. Many were excellent, some merely pretentious daubs, but there were so many of them, of so many schools — post-impressionist, cubist, abstract, expressionist, surrealist—and all hung so close together, that the effect was cacophonous; they became, as it were, merged into a single mass of colour and little bits of newspaper glued on to things and straight and wiggly lines. The general effect was almost as deafening as the corporal's pantomime.

Miss Toklas kept coming in with trays on which were the ingredients of an ample and delicious tea—cakes, sandwiches, bread-and-butter, jam, honey, mince-pies—a proper spread. Miss Stein said "You're admiring Pablo's portrait of me. I'll tell you a curious story about it."

And she told me how, when Picasso had done it, she and her brother Leo and her friends had all said that it didn't look at all like her, but Picasso had said "You wait, Gertrude, it will."

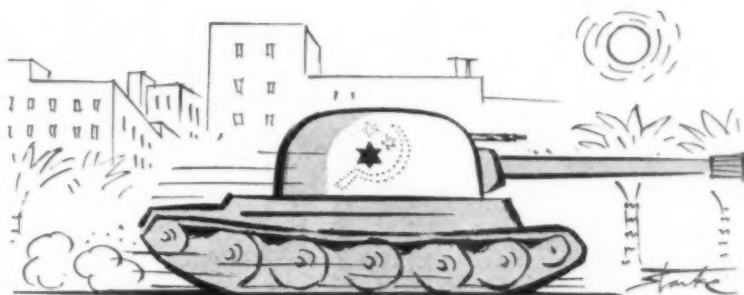
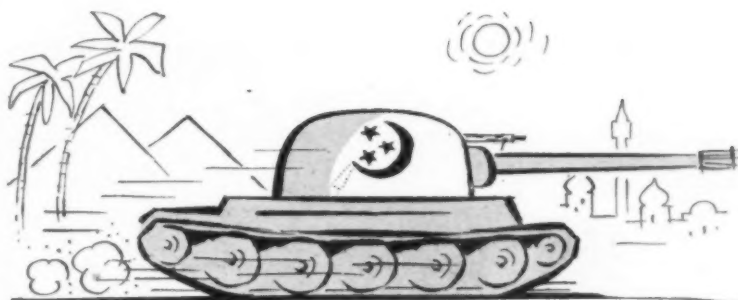
"And now it does," she ended. "It does, exactly."

I had already read this anecdote in, I think, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. Furthermore, the picture did not look particularly like her, since it had a rock-like, peasant quality which was quite lacking in her mobile, urban features. She was, however, wearing the clothes of the woman in the portrait.

"Have some more bread and butter," said Miss Toklas.

I asked how Francis Rose's exhibition was going.

"Very well," said Miss Stein. "Miss Toklas and I went to the opening.



That's a picture of Francis's over there."

She pointed towards a pleasant picture of a white house with a green lawn.

"That's where I hid during the Occupation," she said.

And she told me the story of how she had pretended to be deaf and dumb, with the Germans in the very house, and had fooled them for years on end. I had read this improbable story a week or two before in, I think, *Life*.

"Have a cake," said Miss Toklas.

I edged the conversation back to Sir Francis Rose's exhibition. And now a most surprising transformation took place in Miss Stein. Her voice, which

had been melodious enough, rose several tones, her eyes flashed fire, and the scowl, which had interested Picasso all those years ago, reappeared.

"You're ruining him," she said, pointing a stubby forefinger at me—"a great painter and you're ruining him, taking him off to the Savoy, getting his photograph in *The Tatler*, making a society monkey out of him!"

I was nonplussed by this sudden and violent attack, all the more so since I had at that time never set foot inside the Savoy Hotel, did not see *The Tatler*, my acquaintance with Sir Francis was slight, my influence on him nil, and furthermore, so far as I knew, he was a

very hard-working and serious painter, the opposite of a society monkey. I opened my mouth to expostulate.

"Have another cake," said Miss Toklas.

"He's a painter and a good painter, not a Mayfair butterfly. You're ruining him. All this title nonsense. He's nothing but a Frenchman. *Sir Francis* indeed!"

I remarked that he was, I thought, that rather rare phenomenon, a Canadian baronet. He'd inherited it. It was no fault of mine, or even of his.

"It's all the same," she said morosely.

"Have a slice of cake," said Miss Toklas. "This is seedcake, from America."

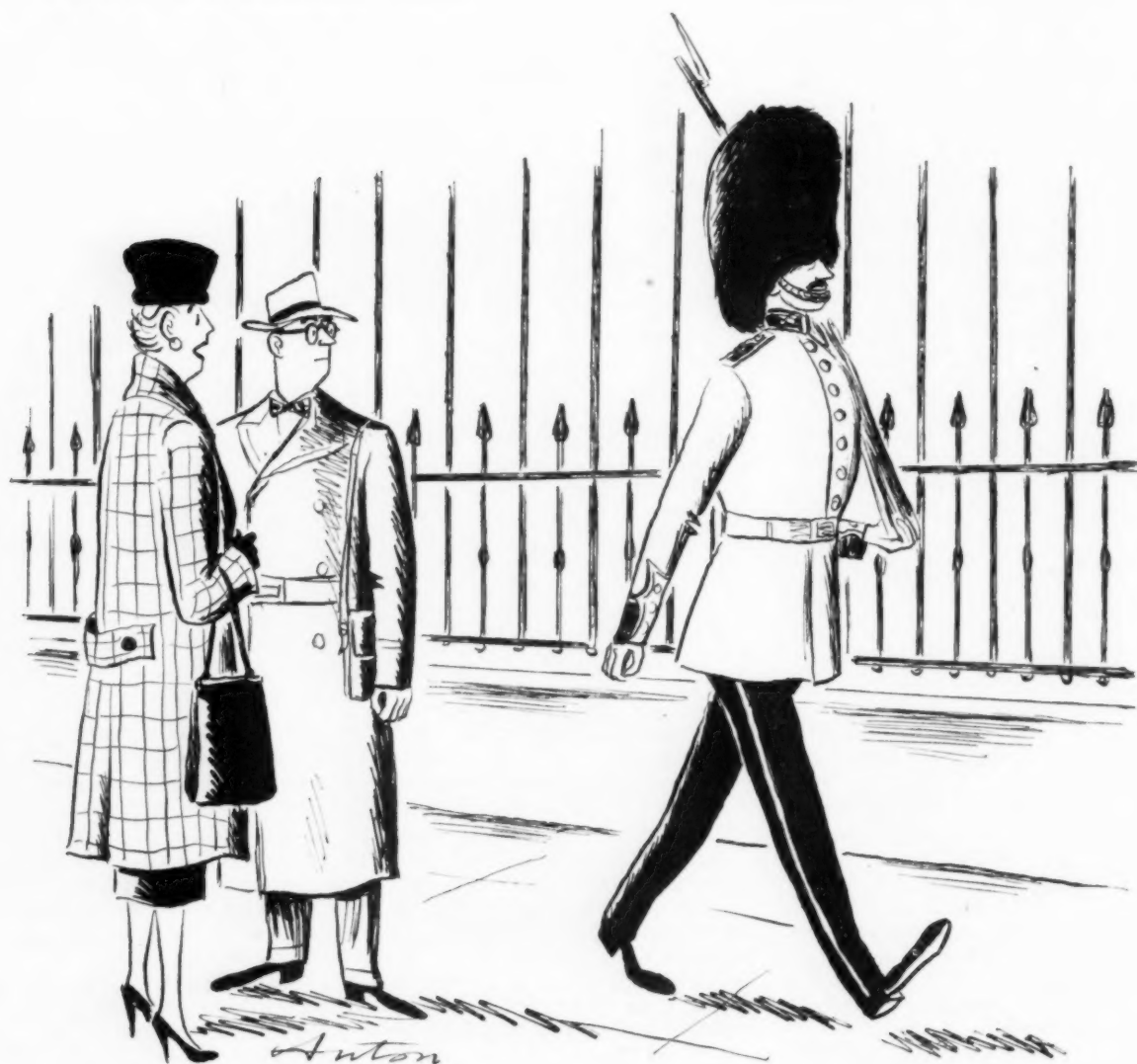
I commented on the lavish collection of paintings. Miss Stein got to her feet.

"There are more in here," she said.

I followed her into an adjoining room, where pictures, some framed, some unframed, were stacked three or four deep against the walls. She thumbed through them—I can use no other word—rapidly, as one might thumb through a pile of Christmas cards on a shop counter.

"That's a Modigliani, such a sweet man, and that's a Léger, and that's a Chirico and that's a Magritte and that one is by Sandy Calder." (I may have got the names wrong, but my memory is that every modern painter one had ever heard of was represented by a canvas leaning against the foot of those walls. I was sorry not to have an opportunity to have a look at them. Had I been older and more self-assured, I should have asked her to slow down.)

I was gyrated back into the sitting-room.



"We must take a box of those back to junior, Edgar."



"This is the very latest model, sir."

"Have another cup of tea," said Miss Toklas.

"What do you do when you're not dressed up in those silly clothes?" Miss Stein asked me.

I told her that I had been dressed up in these silly clothes ever since 1939, when I had been an undergraduate, but that I hoped to write books once I was free of them.

"Why don't you write now?" she asked sharply. Apparently the imitative corporal was writing away like anything at this very minute.

"Have another slice of seedcake," said Miss Toklas.

I said something about lacking time.

Miss Stein said "You should write for twenty minutes every day. That's what I do. It's wonderful what a lot you get written that way if you live long enough."

I thanked her for her advice, and refrained from saying that her mysterious prose style was now, for me, a mystery no longer.

She began to talk about her dog, Basket. It seems that this dog was quite remarkably intelligent. When he felt that a guest had stayed long enough he would retrieve the guest's hat from the hall. This, I gathered, was on occasion

an embarrassment. I had already heard tell of this cunning little trick, perhaps from Sir Francis Rose, or maybe I had read it in *Life*.

"Have a mince-pie," said Miss Toklas.

But fearing that Basket might at any moment embarrass us all, I got up and began to say good-bye. I asked if there was any message for Francis.

"Tell him I'll write," said Miss Stein. She was scowling again, no doubt at the recollection of his abominable title.

There was still a tremendous amount of food on the plates, an enormous number of pictures on the wall. My last glimpse of that drawing-room showed me Gertrude Stein glaring from the wall above the fireplace and Gertrude Stein gazing, now quite benevolently, from the chair beside it.

Miss Toklas, I decided, as I made my way around the corner towards the Café de Flore, was a charming woman. It had been a most delicious and filling tea.

"Naked Jungle." Lovely young widow Eleanor Parker finding life with her husband almost impossible on a plantation, until a plague of advancing ants bring a turn for the better.—*What's On In London*

Everything's relative.

—Brookbank

In Nescientness

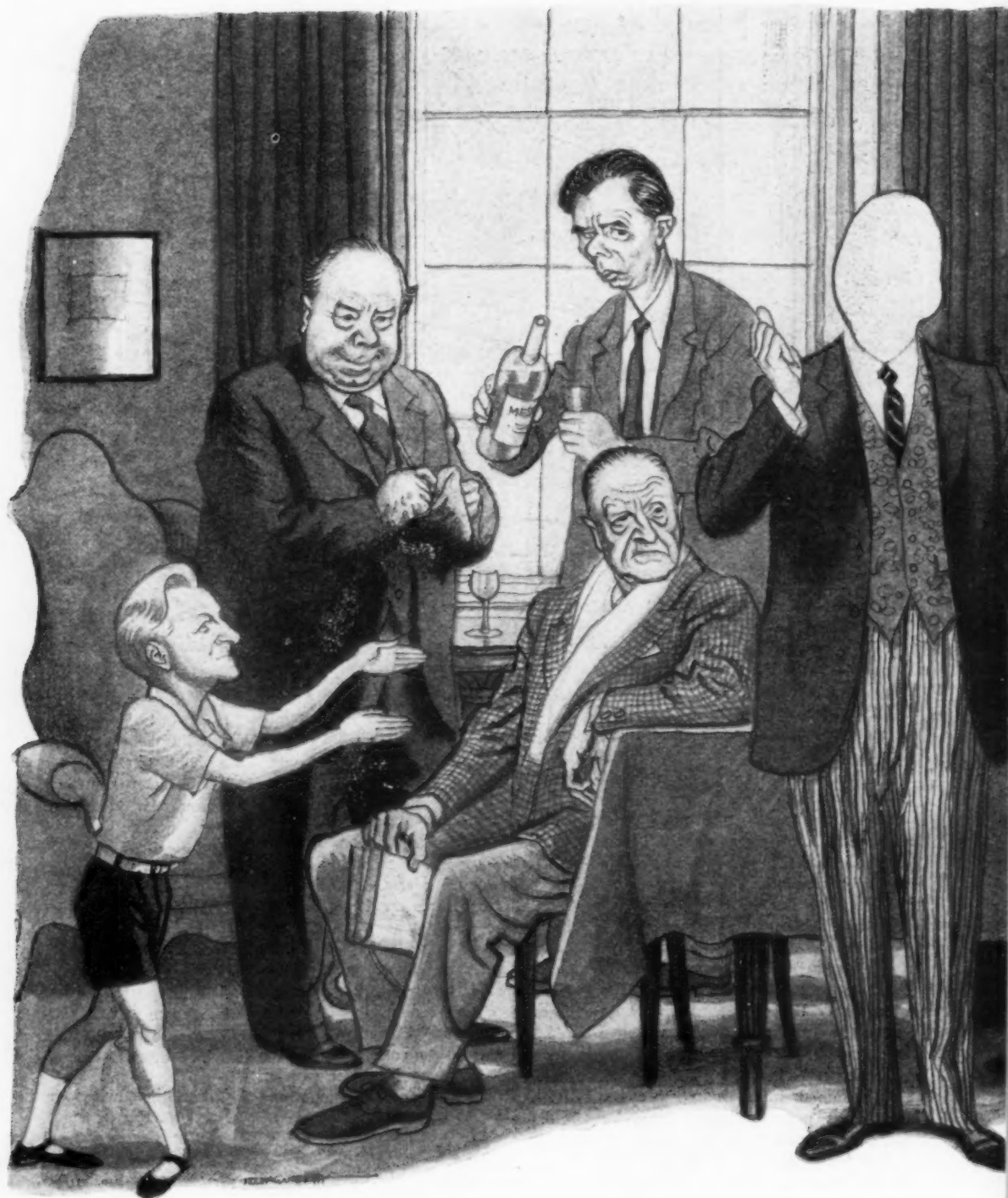
A new atomic power station is to be built on Egdon Heath

UPON the heath so long ago,
So long ago,
The ling beneath the west wind's flow
Would sough me, tongue-sere, small,
"Look not for purpose, sense or troth
Within the Will that planned our
growth
And death. The wind and we are both
Drab haps, and that is all."

Now soon the heath's dry whispering,
Dry whispering,
Will drown beneath the roar and ring
Of squat, hill-shouldering tractors
And kestrels watch its outline dour
Harden to rampart, wall, stack, tower,
To house in salamandrine power
The dædal-tubed reactors.

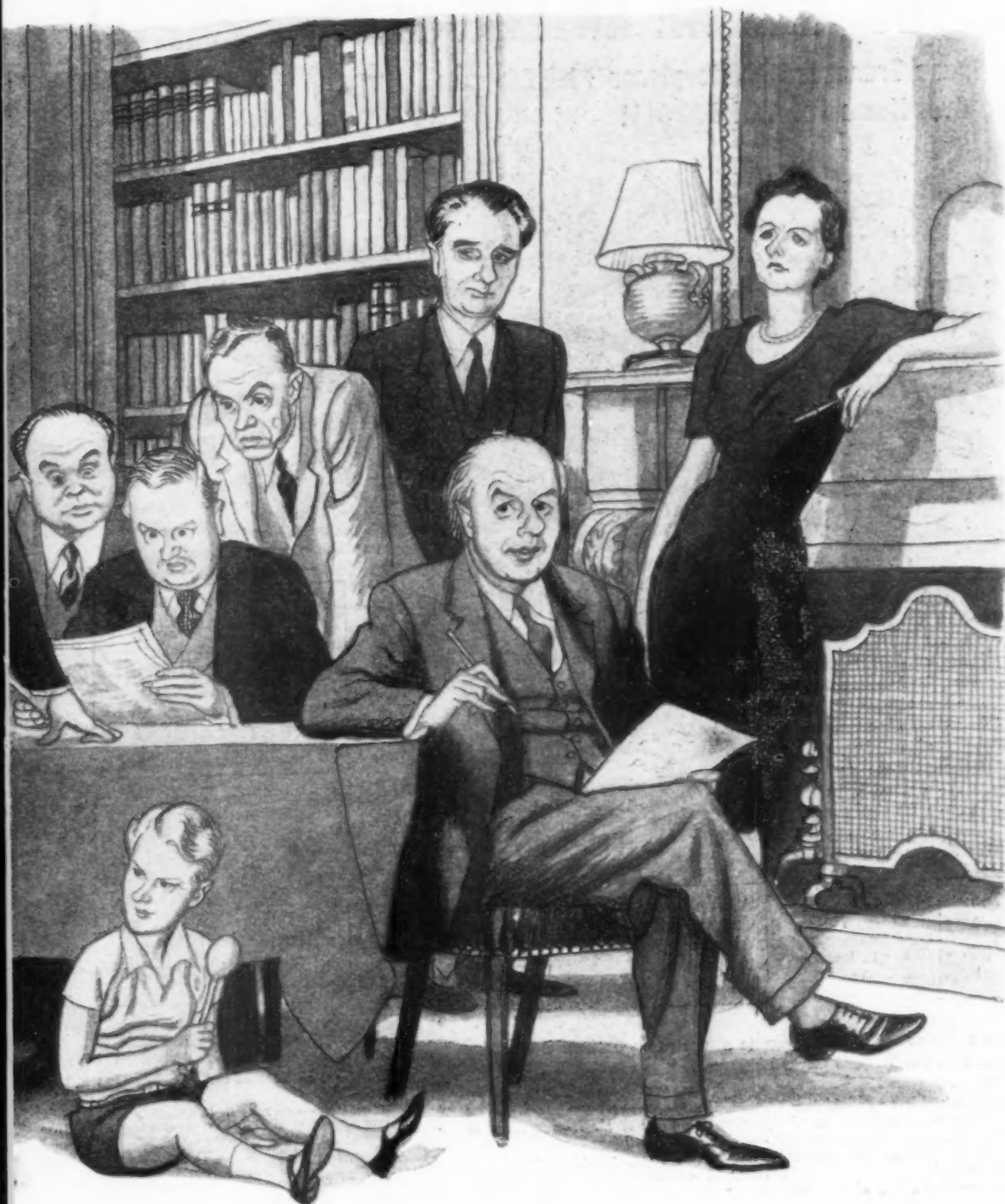
There, then, will purr the dynamos,
The dynamos,
"In nescientness our current flows,
Unfraught with good or ill.
We murmur 'neath the wind of man
Gusted in answer to a plan
In which nor faith nor sense may scan
The workings of the Will."

PETER DICKINSON



THE BAD REVIEW :

(Key on



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Queen Boadicea's Policy

By HENRY FAIRLIE

"CHARIOT DIPLOMACY"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

SIR,—We trust that you will allow us, through your columns, to make our considered but urgent protest against the policy now being pursued by the Queen of the Iceni. At this moment it is essential that the voice of moderation should be raised against a course of action in which each of us, however vicariously, is implicated.

As far as we can understand it, from the address which she delivered outside the colonia of Camulodunum, Queen Boadicea rests her case on the rights of the British people to resist the forces of an occupying power. Although the appeal to this right may arouse strong primitive emotions among the less articulate of the Queen's subjects, to us it seems to be no more than an unfortunate return to a long outdated form of chariot diplomacy. The Queen's actions might have been justified in the days of Cassivellaunus, but those days are no more.

The truth is that the British people to-day can no longer act except in the context of an international opinion which is already making its voice heard in the General Assembly at Rome. If the British people, led by the Iceni, persist in defying the claim of the Empire, which is the newest the world has yet known, to a supreme international authority, they will find themselves isolated and relying on the support of no more than the three parts of Gaul. The Iceni, in fact, are in danger of alienating even friendly tribes such as the Belgae.

It is, we believe, still not too late for the Iceni to lay down their arms and respond wholeheartedly to Emperor Nero's appeal that they should from now on act within the spirit of the Carta. In this, as in so many other matters, we should have learned from experience that the Emperor represents the new forces which will mould the modern world.

We have the honour to be, etc.,

HAROLD WALEY-CHYVES, High Steward, Oxford University; HUGH PUKE, Professor of Forestry; ROGER FOXE, Principal of Hertford; BARRINGTON WARD BARRINGTON, Public

Orator; QUENTIN LUMLEY, Keeper of the Ashmolean; ST. JOHN LUKE, Summoner of Preachers; H. FUNKEL, Professor of Exegesis; ASA SPROGG, Reader in Social Statistics, Nuffield College; H. CRUMLEY, Radcliffe Observer; JOHN SMITH, Warden of Merton; MARGERY HUNT, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall; SAMUEL TRIPP, Professor of Comparative Anatomy. The Meadows, Oxford.

SIR,—May we join with the many others who are protesting urgently against the fatal policy now being pursued by Queen Boadicea?

She is ruthlessly inciting her subjects and those of neighbouring tribes to fight for their families and their homes against a civilizing force which can alone prevent the spread of international anarchy.

We can find no evidence in either law

or history that such a self-interested policy is justified.

We have the honour to remain, etc.,
ROBIN STARKE, Laudian Professor of Arabic, Oxford University; MARTIN STRANGEWAYS, Assessor of the Chancellor's Court; HAROLD CLYNE, Rector of Lincoln; A. BUSHE, Professor of Music; THOMAS LEEDS, Lecturer in Biochemistry; KENNETH LAMBE, Curator of the Lewis Evans collection; EDITH CROSLAND, Principal of St. Hilda's College; WILLIAM HEADFORT, Bodley Librarian; RUDOLPH STROPP, Professor of Assyriology; LEONARD MOLE, Reader in Sanskrit. The Parks, Oxford.

SIR,—We would like, as a part of this seat of learning, to appeal to Queen Boadicea to recognize the strength of the public opinion which is ranged against her at this moment. As former "scouts" to many of the gentlemen who are now the firmest supporters of the Queen we would like to express our disappointment in the action they are now pursuing.

Yours faithfully,

BEN CLOTH, President; HARRY TOOLE, Vice-President; MATT CRANE, Secretary, Oxford College Servants' Association.

No. 2 Staircase, St. John's College, Oxford.

SIR,—Am I not right in thinking that the name of the reigning sovereign of the Iceni should be Queen Boudicca and not Queen Boadicea?

Yours faithfully,

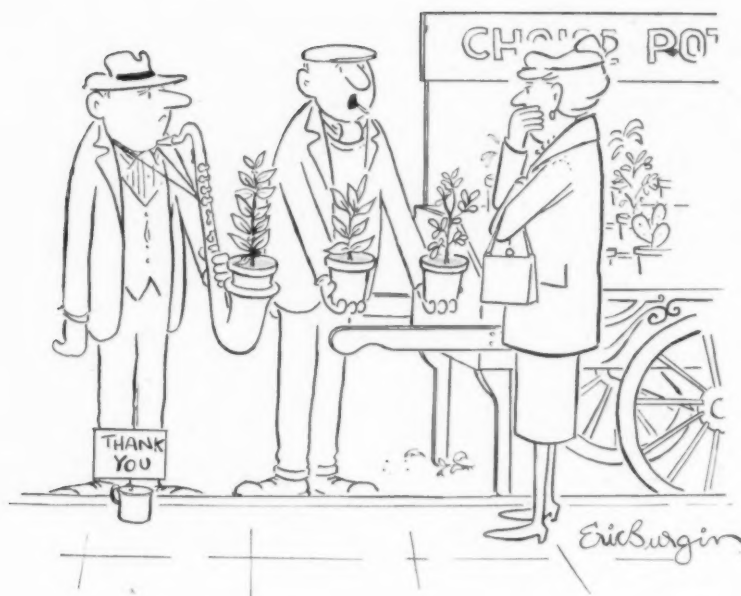
HAROLD HENSLEY, Professor of Metallurgy, Leeds University. The University, Leeds.



Commonwealth Split

My opinion of Nehru
Is practically zehru,
And I could stand it
If we lost the Pandit.

A. P. II.



"...well I'll tell yer what, lady, you can 'ave all three for a dollar."

Moment of Truth

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

FREEDOMS are stirring, and it was a good week, last week, for a London man mildly in the news to be "described as a philosopher." Other men may have sniggered—men who, confronted with a dotted line and an invitation to describe themselves, scribble off Fish Refrigeration Consultant or Hot-Rod Roller's Clanger and Binder without a qualm; they have forgotten that only the base clay can be classified by officialdom, that the soul can claim a punched-card category unsuspected by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue or the Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

Last week's rebel set a fine example. "How do you describe yourself?" they asked him. There was no mumbled admission to being an Upholsterer's Mate or a Drysalter and Colourman. "Philosopher," said the man, and that was all they could get out of him. Quite right, too.

Let this thing catch on.

There are too many "Gentlemen" about, for a start. Any cheap swindler setting his signature to a Deed of Sale, and handing over, as he skulks behind a screen of *caveat emptor*, a house with

death-watch beetle, known to be sinking slowly into disused mine-workings, will so describe himself. Let him think again next time, and after his name and address boldly add "Sharper." Consider how many ladies are officially describing themselves as actresses, when they could sum up all there is to sum by simply putting "Blonde"; or how many florid City men who roll nightly on to the Brighton train, thickly order a double Scotch and are snoring before the steward brings it, have documents in their wallets describing them as Company Promoters, Commission Agents or Directors, when "Boozer" would put the thing in an honest nutshell. "How do you describe yourself?" says the newspaper reporter to an industrial interviewee; the man hesitates whether to plump for Plasterer's Mixing Hand or Trade Union Committeeman; then the truth breaks in. "Just put me down 'Malcontent.'" Or here is Smith, whose forty years' enforced attachment to a high stool in Rotherhithe has been nothing but an impediment between him and his little back garden at Anerley; what a grand release to

describe himself on his next bit of buff as "Rose-Grower" instead of that damned, eternal, desiccated Invoice Clerk!

There may be some official mistrust of this new frankness, especially if present discontents revive interest in the Schedule of Reserved Occupations, and national manpower has to be redeployed in terms of the mind, heart and spirit. Indeed, man being a weak creature, easily turned from sense, such an eventuality could wreck the whole plan. What concessions can a philosopher claim in the essential cause of carrying on his business? How does he stand when it comes to exemption from National Service? He could make out a case to a thinking man; philosophers need to stand apart from life's violences before they can philosophize to much purpose; but what civil servant is going to swallow a tale like this?

There would also be unusual telephone conversations between the heads of Employment Exchanges:

"Fred? This is Bert. How are you on acetylene welders this morning?"

"Don't make me laugh. Nothing in to-day but three Bystanders, a Rhetorician and a Country-lover. I suppose you can't do me a Tar-sprayer's Boilerhand?"

"Turn it up. If you'd said Gnostic, now. I've got four. Otherwise only two Metaphysicians and a Philomath. You'd better try Charlie."

"Not a sausage. He's been on, offering six Ideologists for a Gasfitter's Artificer. I shall have to go now—there's a batch of Animadversionists queued up."

All the same, there seems no reason why a few men of right feeling shouldn't get together and give a lead on this thing. Journalists might feel that the obligation is theirs. Nothing would do more for the cause than to have a few of them describing themselves, say, as Jobbing Thinkers.

6 6

"It is the story of a middle-aged Oxford professor's desperate love and desire for a young girl of sixteen; and the story of the girl's mother who loves him and, divining his predicament, substitutes herself for her daughter, and teaches him the passion of the flesh. It is also the story of a flame of a girl who, when she is middle-aged and after years of an unconsummated marriage to the professor's even older friend, falls in love with her husband's chauffeur..."

From the blurb of "Leucadian Leap" by Walter Rilla

Any cricket?

My Tank Runneth Over

By PATRICK CAMPBELL

WITH the Suez Canal out of commission and broken pipelines pouring oil into the Syrian desert, I am glad to be able to report that after a breakneck, two-day dash round the filling-stations of the Home Counties my car is now so full of petrol and oil that a corner incautiously turned causes them to slosh out of their respective spouts.

The expedition began, however, with an early set-back in Central London. Eight pumps, and four attendants in white overalls. Two gallons turned out to be the maximum reward.

I approached the foreman, who was in a state of scarcely controlled desperation in a glass box which dominated the forecourt. "The situation," I said, "looks pretty bad," and left him to take off from this spring-board.

He took off, passing over my head. "Ron!" he roared, addressing one of the white overalls—"you seen my packet of fags? It was here a minute ago!" I'd never seen a man so angry.

Ron paused briefly in his work. "I got my own," he said. "I don't have to listen to you."

The foreman leaped out of his box. I had to move fairly smartly to give him room. "Don't come it now!" he shouted. "You know me and I know you!" I saw it was going to be difficult to interest them in the broader aspects of the world situation and moved on to a bomb-site car-park in the Soho area, which is ruled with a rod of iron by a citizen of Irish extraction called Pat.

"Full up!" he was shouting at a man who looked like a South American diplomat. The diplomat was at the wheel of a vast limousine. With some difficulty he backed it and disappeared. "Trying to bring a bull elephant of a yoke like that in here," said Pat incredulously. The car-park was half-empty.

"Has the black market in petrol broken out yet?" I asked him.

"Here," he said, biting into half a loaf filled with ham, "did you hear the one about the Irishman, the Scotchman and the Jew—?"

"The black market in petrol—you ought to know—"

"The bombers is overhead," he went on effortlessly, "and the Scotch—"

I put the car in gear and left him leaning against the gate, wiping his eyes.

During lunch I was glad to meet a man with a relevant contribution to make. I was beginning to think I was the only person in England concerned with the Middle Eastern crisis. "I believe," he said, "there's an iron-monger in Surrey and he's filled his window with petrol tins. He's advertising them as 'Containers,' and doing a brisk trade."

"But," I said, "I thought garages wouldn't fill cans for you."

"Mine does," he replied. "I've a baby car and it has no petrol gauge so I always carry a gallon tin in the back. Chap filled it for me yesterday, pointing

out I could only use it for my agricultural tractor. I live in Cheyne Walk."

The Suez Canal was still out of commission, and by this time several million more gallons must have seeped away into the desert.

I moved out of the unthinking city and tried a garage on one of the arterial roads. This one was staffed by girls, in white overall trousers, so heavily made-up that if they'd appeared on the stage of the Windmill Theatre they might well have blinded even the veterans in the back row.

"Two gallons, please," I said, hoping the tank would contain them.

"That all you want, dear?" the girl asked me. There was a streak of oil

"For next week's 'Panorama,' bet you anything."



DAVID
SATCHELL

either under or over the powder on her nose. She also wore magenta on her upper lip and pillar-box red on the lower.

I said I thought that two gallons at a time was the ration. "Have as much as you like, dear," she said. "We got a smashing load of juice in this morning. We're not making any trouble here," she went on, "not like them down the road. A gent was in here only yesterday and said they'd only give him three at a time. Silly, I call it."

I had to drive round for nearly an hour before I had room to call on them down the road, and even then I could ask only for a gallon. "I believe you're only giving out three at a time," I said.

"That was yesterday," he said indifferently. "We got one thousand eight hundred gallons in this morning. Give you six if you like."

I wondered how the tankers were doing, making the long haul round the Cape of Good Hope.

Next morning, I called on the garage in the village where I live, to find the proprietor in a state of indignation on

the telephone. With the Suez Canal out of commission and oil leaking away into the desert he was, it seemed, about to open a new filling-station some miles away, as an annexe to his main business. "Two thousand gallons!" he said into the telephone. "You're going to start me off with two thousand gallons! Look—let's talk sense."

He and the man at the other end, representing, I judged, the parent petrol company, talked sense for some time. In the middle of this a petrol tanker drove into the forecourt, and started to unload its cargo.

"Is that the last we'll get?" I asked the driver, with jovial intonation, although I say it myself. I was probably intoxicated with petrol fumes.

"Damn near," he said curtly. It was a shock—the first chill wind I'd run into in two days. "The mad, ruddy public's gone ruddy well mad," he observed. "Bloke lives down the road from me uses a gallon a day to get to work and back. He's filling up with five gallons every morning, siphons it off when he gets home and comes back

for more. They've all gone ruddy well mad. But they'll find out, come the end of the month. After this, I'm delivering one hundred and fifty gallons up at the crossroads. Chap says his tanks are dry. That's all he'll get till the end of the month—one hundred and fifty gallons. He won't have enough to clean his tie."

"We may regard this period, then," I said soberly, "as the good old days."

"That's right, mate," said the tanker driver, climbed aboard and with a weary shake of the head for the idiocy of humanity, drove his rapidly diminishing life-blood away.

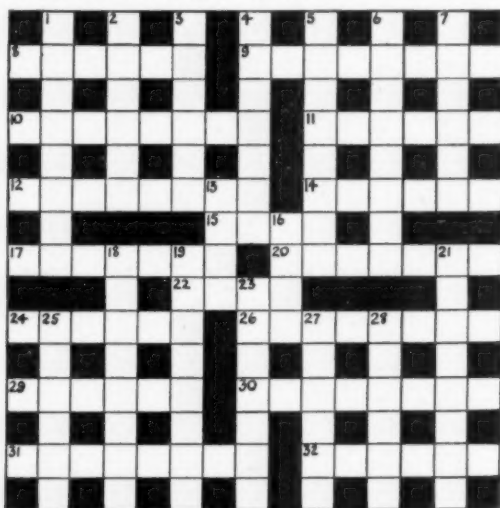
It was of some interest to me to make an objective survey of my reactions. The first was to drive hurriedly to the ironmonger's in Surrey, filling up with another gallon every twenty miles, buy as many "Containers" as possible, and shuttle swiftly then between containers and the garage, until the spare room was piled with iron rations several feet high.

The second—and more reasonable one, I swear—was to begin to prepare mind and body simultaneously for the hard, clean impact of the bicycle seat.

Books Crossword

ACROSS

8. Laurence might have been Ernest. (6)
9. Non-U racing boat is a fire-eater. (8)
10. Every law codified? Great Scott! (8)
11. Part of South America every schoolgirl knew. (6)
12. Fellow-travellers who had a row. (5, 3)
14. One of 12. (6)
15. Dryden character, no joke. (4)

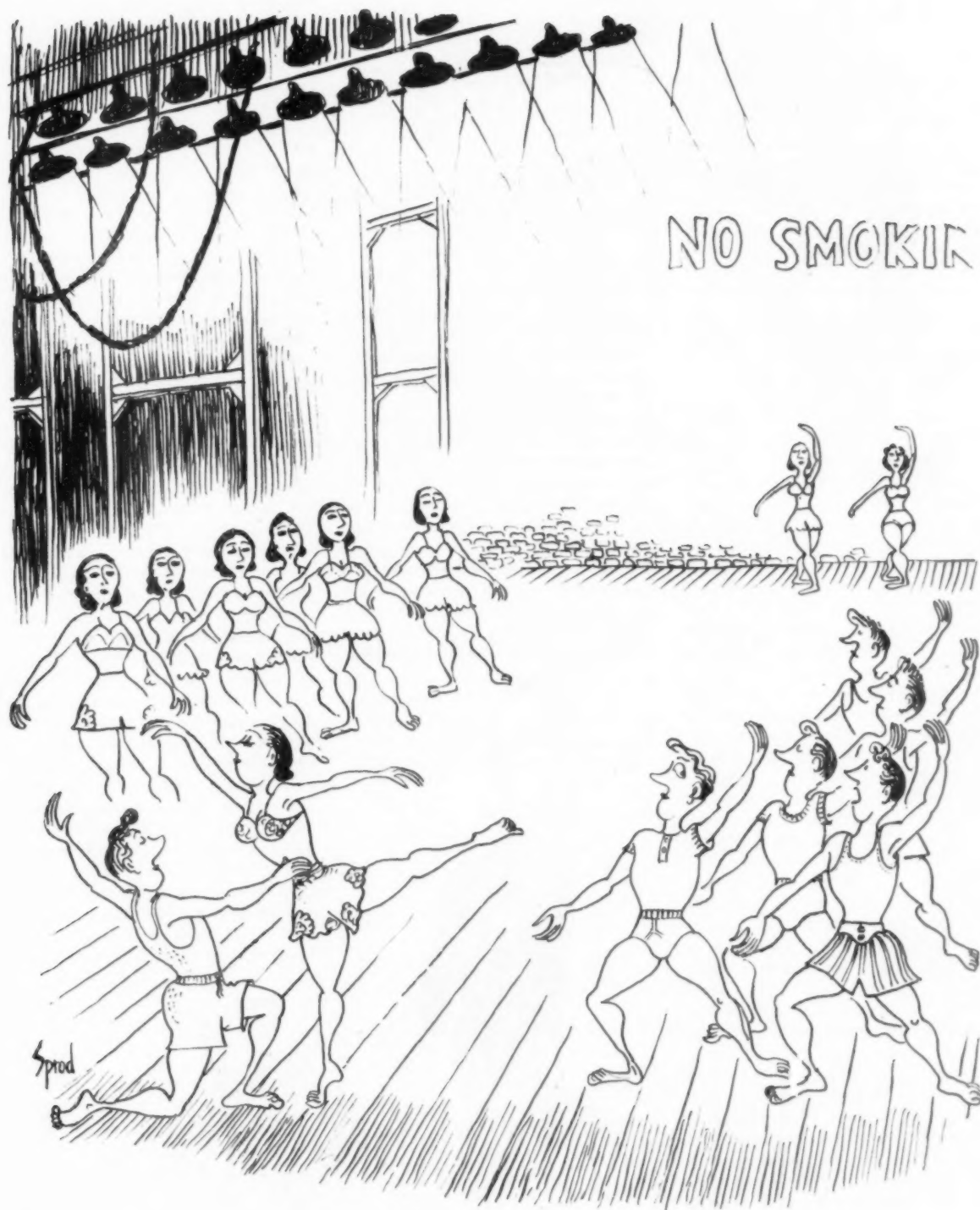


Solution next week

17. Hardy went Nap on it. (7)
20. Not the author of the *Book of Enoch*. (7)
22. Jane, later than Austen. (4)
24. O.T. prophet, N.Y. critic. (6)
26. Lone sire wandering caused alarm on these battlements. (8)
29. The supporters in her achievement were all proper. (6)
30. A dealer in magic and spells. (8)
31. Cellist without a cent harped on sex psychology. (8)
32. What Bowdler did to Shakespeare! (6)

DOWN

1. Yachters are misrepresented (others, too, some think) in his biographies. (8)
2. Room he suggests is the dressing-room, but he wrote of another one. (6)
3. Much binding goes on in this. (6)
4. Kind of ink used by plagiarists? (7)
5. Game played by plagiarists? (8)
6. He sneaked on Lancelot and loosed a flood of remorse (v. *Niagara, passim*). (8)
7. Their patronage of literature was almost as good as a tonic. (6)
13. Unfledged hawk disguised as unfledged sailor. (4)
16. He appears in the first book. (4)
18. Needs an H, curiously enough, this product of Somerset. (8)
19. Could this Alfred the Great have said "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we?" (8)
21. He had an inward urge to write. (8)
23. Comments, not necessarily by a war novelist. (7)
25. Patron saint of Flemish brewers has risen from a nadir. (6)
27. Thackeray family. (6)
28. American novelist had the root of the matter in him. (6)



"Oh, my goodness, won't I be happy when those wretched props arrive back from Moscow."



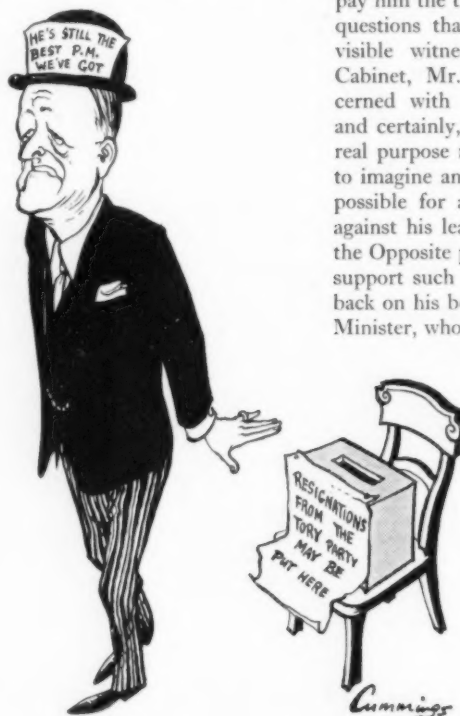
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

Mr. Macmillan gave the House a meditative confession of the many evil things that he had seen throughout a long life. It was moving and poetic but rather unusual as the contribution of a Chancellor of the Exchequer winding up an economic debate.

The high spot of Tuesday's question-time was Mr. Teeling's ingenious suggestion that when charges for theft came to be assessed on Colonel Nasser, the British stores which he has taken should be rated at the inflated value which he has put on them for the purposes of boasting. The greater part of Mr. Lennox-Boyd's speech was a survey of colonial affairs, urbanely delivered and listened to in silence. It included some very good news from Kenya. There was

a little more disturbance towards the end when he got back to the inevitable Middle East. Mr. Nutting sat and listened to him in the furthest seat below the gangway, making what turned out to be a last, sad, farewell visit. Mr. Robens started off by asking some questions about the Russian plot. Why were we only told of this after the event? If this was the real reason for the Government's action, why did they not say that they were acting for this reason rather than for the much less convincing reason which they put forward? Why were not the Americans and the Commonwealth told beforehand? He raised the question of "collusion." Mr. Butler at the conclusion paid his tribute to Mr. Robens but he did not pay him the tribute of an answer on the questions that he asked. Bearing his visible witness to the unity of the Cabinet, Mr. Butler was rather concerned with Mr. Gaitskell's "brick," and certainly, whatever Mr. Gaitskell's real purpose may have been, it is hard to imagine any way which made it less possible for a rival to set himself up against his leader than for the chief of the Opposite party to say that he would support such a rival. Mr. Butler sank back on his bench content. The Prime Minister, whom Members had expected

"IT's not a bad job," said the American millionaire of the Papacy, "but does it lead to anything?" There must have been moments recently when many Members asked the same question about the Parliamentary debate. It has been a quieter week on the whole, and most Members agreed with Mr. Pickthorn's sensible speech which told us that Parliament simply could not go on in the atmosphere of a perpetual bear-garden—but unfortunately it only takes a few bears to make a bear-garden, and even in these slightly more tranquil days there has been a storm or two. The debate on the Address went on and Monday was given to the economic situation. Circumstances here imposed a tranquillity which, if not satisfying to the House's curiosity, was at any rate good for its manners. Mr. Harold Wilson started off with his familiar thesis that things were anyway very bad and that a little further push would send us over the precipice. That we have no very wide margin of safety, is, alas, common ground, but when it came to trying to find out the exact position and the exact statistics, Mr. Maudling and Mr. Macmillan were in the very fair difficulty that what mattered was not so much the effect of what had happened as of what was going to happen—and that was anybody's guess. Therefore



to hear speak, patted him on the back and the House adjourned.

Wednesday was by comparison almost a holiday with some pleasant buffooning about "pig-heads" between Mr. Stokes and Mr. Head at question-time, and the main interest was in Mr. Peter Rawlinson's adjournment debate on B.B.C. reporting over the last days. Mr. Rawlinson gave a straightforward factual account of his complaints. On one point—that of Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's responsibility for his questions—he found himself to have been mistaken, and made on the next day a characteristically frank withdrawal. But in general I must confess that I had neither seen nor heard any of the programmes complained of, so can have no opinion on any of the points that caused dispute. *The Times* complaint that Members could "do nothing about it," in the sense that they cannot interfere with the details of programmes without passing further legislation which no one, I fancy, would support, may be true, but that is no reason why they should not talk about such matters from time to time as a ventilation of public opinion. That, after all, is one of the main functions of Parliament, which is primarily a talking-shop, as its very name confesses, and only secondarily a legislator (though whether any one would consent to work for the B.B.C. if such a thing happened often is another question). There was no reason why there should not have been a well-tempered and valuable debate with Members giving their various comments. But unfortunately Mr. Wigg

spoiled it all with two hours of rather ridiculous filibustering. It is true that Mr. Wigg has claimed that he said nothing that he did not passionately believe, but then Mr. Wigg believes passionately so many things that that does not really help. Mr. Alport made a correct and competent Ministerial reply, but it was a comfort to hear Mr. Gordon Walker's rebuttal of the suggestion that overseas programmes should speak only in the name of the Government of the day. As was discovered during the war, the whole credit of our overseas programmes derives from the fact that they have the same standard and variety of news and views as our home programmes and it would indeed be a Himalayan blunder if that principle were abandoned.

On Thursday that old hardy ever-green, capital punishment—this time in new dress—the dress of the Government's bill for amending the law. The abolitionists of course hope to get Mr. Silverman's full abolition bill through the House and therefore on to the Statute Book before this Government bill is through. But their chances of doing so depend first on holding their abolitionist majority—and their chances of doing that do not at the moment look too rosy—and secondly on the luck of the ballot giving a high place among private Members' bills to some abolitionist who would introduce Mr. Silverman's bill. There, luck has run very badly against

them. By an extraordinary chance all the best places in the ballot have gone to Conservatives, and of them only one, Miss Joan Vickers, has been hitherto an abolitionist. Whether she will take up Mr. Silverman's bill remains to be seen.

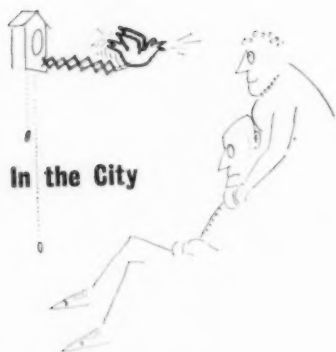
Anyway the Government's bill, as far as Second Reading goes, was acceptable to both abolitionists and retentionists; the abolitionists, of course, accepting its useful reforms of redefinition and its diminution of capital charges as better than nothing, but hoping to amend it and turn it into full-blooded abolition in committee. But since everybody by this time knows all the arguments for and against capital punishment backwards, and debates on it are only exciting because of the division, a debate that was not going to be followed by a division aroused very little interest. Mr. Silverman commented on the emptiness of the Chamber as he exposed the illogicality of the Government's compromise. Mr. Montgomery Hyde, as a Conservative abolitionist, protested against the Whips, and Mr. Anthony Greenwood discoursed as pleasantly about the gallows as he does about everything else. The crack that Queen Victoria objected to McNaughten being adjudged insane after he had tried to murder Sir Robert Peel on the ground that "she did not believe that anyone could be insane who wanted to murder a Conservative Prime Minister" was by long odds the best crack of the week.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"Mr. Gaitskell has seen himself in the capacity of Captain Ahab on the bridge of the *Pequod*, with a desire to harpoon *Moby Dick*."

Mr. Butler



Something for Nothing?

POOLES, give-away programmes on TV, gift coupons in cigarette packets, Premium Bonds. What next? Well, how about bonus fivers (new designs next year) for the holders of every millionth note added to the fiduciary issue? How about a national lottery with life exemption from income tax as the prize? A Ministry of Labour raffle to decide priorities in wage claims? Sweepstakes to replace the work of a Capital Issues Committee? A tombola competition to guarantee expense accounts? Travelling allowances determined by put-and-take . . . ? If private enterprise is to survive in an age of throttling taxation and interfering, paternalist economics it will need all the *pourboires* we can think of. If industry can make handsome tax-free gifts to its star managers it is only fair that the rest of us should be able to compete for tax-free prizes. The myth of social equality must be preserved.

Lord Mackintosh and Mr. Macmillan couldn't have been served more scurvily by world news at the opening of their Premium Bonds drive, and in the circumstances a total investment of some £20 millions in the first week must be considered pretty good going.

Intending punters should remember that early investment—before the end of this month—gives the bond-holder a chance of pulling down a prize next June when the odds against will be much shorter than in succeeding months. According to the statisticians there is a "probability" that a holder of the maximum number of units (500) will win £25 every other year, a return of 2½ per cent tax free on his money: but though £25 will be the most common prize (200 of every 237 awarded by "Ernie") the real attraction of the scheme will be the chance of landing a thousand-pounder, and the odds here

are likely to be a thousand-to-one against.

Superstitious characters will be disappointed to learn that they are not able to select bonds carrying their favourite numbers and numerical combinations. Some people are trying to "spread" their bonds by buying in small parcels from day to day; others have instructed their banks to buy odd lots on specific days. These stratagems are troublesome and futile. "Ernie," the mathematicians inform us, will bestow his treasures with supreme impartiality and make no concession to the law of averages.

Even so, I should not be at all surprised to learn of the setting up of a Bond Numbers Exchange Mart. I can see the items listed in the Personal columns of *The Times*: "Wanted—Premium Bonds, last three figs. divis. by 13. Box ——" and "Offers? Thirty-two P.B.s in complete geometric progression."

My own preference is for serial



In the Country



Fear of Fear

DURING the last war—I suppose one had better start being specific and refer to the one with Hitler—farmers found it difficult to obtain barbed wire. I remember it used to take three or four months of fiddling to get a permit to buy a single roll. By the time we had acquired the stuff we'd often forgotten the purpose for which it was originally intended. Our cows had already trampled the corn, or we had long since harvested the remnants.

But some of us were not content with those delays; we improvised. Some of us even invented. I myself trailed a copper wire round a field of turnips and attached a twelve-volt car battery to it. It proved quite ineffectual. The wire wasn't high enough, weeds shorted it to earth, and the battery was always

numbers duplicating the figures on my bus tickets.

Stock Exchange reactions to the crisis have so far been concerned only with immediate and short-term damage to the economy. There has been less selling than one would have expected, and little flight to the sanctuary of far-flung castles of private enterprise. As I see it, the present mood of the investor is too optimistic. It seems certain that the dislocation of oil supplies and trade routes will increase industry's basic costs, and I doubt very much whether the customer, at home or abroad, will be prepared to shoulder new burdens of price. The export trades may well find that the decisions of United Nations (the repeated condemnation of the Anglo-French venture in Egypt) will prove damaging to their goodwill in many markets. And it is difficult to believe that some increase in unemployment can be avoided. Nineteen-fifty-seven is likely to be a pretty lean year.

MAMMON

* * *

flat in the morning. It took a proper inventor to market an effective electric fence, with a pulsator to produce an intermittent current to shock the animals.

Like everybody else I've been using this useful gadget for years. It enables me to feed my grass and kale in economic strips. As anyone may observe, the whole countryside is now studded with these appliances, and this is the reason why cows can be seen standing in regimental lines as they graze.

But if you could look over my hedge you might possibly observe a slight difference. Once again I'm in the forefront of invention. True, my kale looks like anybody else's, with a single wire protecting it from the hungry and docile herd, standing at a respectful distance. The only thing that is different is—I have no battery. My cows haven't noticed that either. The wire is completely dead and has been for at least six months.

Of course it was an accident which led me to make this important discovery. One day I observed that the cows had respected an electric fence to which we had omitted to connect a battery. Like Pavlov before me I made certain deductions concerning conditioned reflexes in animals.

But what does disturb me a little now, as I look at my stupid herd avoiding the harmless unconnected wire, is—in what degree are men, too, fooled by imaginary fears keeping them from their fodder?

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

The Booksters

Books and Book Collecting. John Carter. Hart-Davis, 18/-

A SOMEWHAT sinister picture rises inevitably to the mind on reading the title of this volume: a dark and terrible jungle with a bibliophile behind each tree, ready at any moment to strike: a place where mercy is unknown.

In these bad lands Mr. John Carter is, of course, a famous figure. With Mr. Graham Pollard, did he not track down the forgeries of that bibliographical Moriarty, the late Thomas J. Wise, in a manner not to be disdained by the Great Detective himself? Indeed, there is more than a little of Holmes in Mr. Carter's own physical appearance, which may have led him involuntarily to sleuthing; although, in fairness to everyone, Mr. Pollard has little or nothing of Watson except perhaps his dogged determination.

Wise, it will be remembered, had constructed for himself in secret a number of bogus "first editions" of such authors as Wordsworth, Tennyson, Swinburne, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brownings, George Eliot, William Morris, Stevenson and Kipling. He had sold them—not without profit to himself. They had been accepted for thirty years or more. Then they were blown skyhigh by the publication of *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth-century Pamphlets*. Even the British Museum catalogue had to undergo some drastic reclassification.

One of the most enjoyable aspects of the whole Wise affair—a side which Mr. Carter touches on in this book—were the people who insisted that Wise was innocent; rather like those persons who were so determined, at the time, that the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean had nothing whatever to do with politics. Only a week or two ago a further exploit of Wise was ventilated in *The Times*, apparently implicating him in removing for his own use some thirty pages from

Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother* and other works contained in the library of the British Museum. It will be interesting to see whether yet further revelations emerge. Apart from his misdemeanours, Wise was, it should be added, a figure of great eminence in the bibliographical field.

Mr. Carter writes of other well-known book-collectors—naturally of a very different sort—and he has also a word to say about typographers and typography. He deals, too, with some

Exchange, by A. E. W. Mason. There are many more, but these indicate the possibilities.

Skimming these pages, one has the impression of a desperate man dealing with desperate men. Names like "Stanley Morison" or "John Hayward"—names which make many a typographical or bibliographical evil-doer catch his breath—are spoken of with all the cool familiarity in the world, the latter being merely mildly described as "a thoughtful collector."

Pondering the whole subject, I wondered whether there exist bibliophiles who devote themselves entirely to misprints—misprints with a meaning, of course. For example, I myself received a secondhand book-catalogue last week in which Casanova's *Escape from the Leads* (the notorious Venetian prison) appeared as Casanova's *Escape from Leeds*. One could not help speculating on his adventures in the Five Towns, and the endless jokes contemporarily current about what Casanova did in Wigan.

ANTHONY POWELL



Second String

A Case of Samples. Poems, 1946-1956. Kingsley Amis. Gollancz, 15/-

Nurses and dragons, ghosts and fathers, masters who "make their public act their private good"—have we strayed back into early Auden? These poems by Mr. Kingsley Amis, neatly written and sharply intelligent, are most of them really not very original. The best are humorous like "A Bookshop Idyll" ("Women are really much nicer than men: No wonder we like them"), or make a social point in an eccentric way ("The Last War" and "The Value of Suffering"), or comment ironically on the writer's own character ("Autobiographical Fragment" and "The Voice of Authority"). What doesn't come through is a clear vision of Mr. Amis's own personality, and this is surprising because most of the poems are by intention highly personal, in the sense that they are directly concerned with the

of the oddities of book collecting: the collecting of "detective fiction," for example, rather whetting the appetite by mentioning an author (with whom I am myself unfamiliar) T. W. Henshaw, who has "written several detective stories in the style of Amanda McKittrick Ros."

Then there is the interesting question of unlikely books written by well known writers. *Report on the Pumice Stone Industry of the Lipari Islands*, by Norman Douglas, is a good one in that category: or *How I Built Myself a House*, by Thomas Hardy (only in *Chambers' Journal*, it is true): *The Thermal Influence of Forests*, by Robert Louis Stevenson: or Charles Kingsley's *Hints to Stammerers*: or *The Royal*



"After every armed conflict there's the economic mess to be cleared up by someone—a Lord Keynes or a Derek Walker-Smith."

poet's own life. Odd, too, because the flavour of Mr. Amis's novels is personal to the point of delight or infuriation.

The truth is, though he might be unwilling to admit it, that poetry for Mr. Amis is a secondary activity. His poems are ingenious intellectual exercises, good in their kind but—as one of his heroes might put it—not quite able to make the grade in the major league.

J. S.

Dead Man's Folly. Agatha Christie. Collins, 12/6

That damned bore Poirot is back, with his elaborate English and elementary French. The Chief Constable, a mere bit-player, is on to things as early as page 199 ("It comes to this . . . we've got five or six people who *could* have killed Marlene Tucker . . ."), but the male lead as usual doesn't get the stage until near the final curtain. The confirmed Christie addict, who must be presumed to enjoy the puzzle without wincing at the picture on the box, will find clues as thick-strewn as ever: an under-gardener has only to clear his throat in chapter two and it may be the key to the whole thing. I warn these enthusiasts that there is no ultimate significance, this time, in Poirot's insistence on four lumps of sugar at Lady Stubbs's tea-party (chapter three) and three at Mrs. Folliat's (chapter twenty): also that, the puzzle being of quite preposterous complexity, they may as well give it up anyway. There is

entertaining working-class talk ("Ta, ever so") and Devonian dialect ("And yu, Gary, do ee mind what yu'm doing with that lollipop").

J. B. B.

Mrs. Gladstone, the Portrait of a Marriage. Georgina Battiscombe. Constable, 21/-

Catherine Glynne was untidy, impulsive, unconventional, living in a whirlwind of her own generous making; yet her marriage, which lasted nearly sixty years, was by any standard highly successful. She gave Gladstone domestic happiness and softened his austerity; in return he treated her with an indulgence in which she blossomed into one of the more remarkable Victorian women, a pioneer in charitable experiment who despised remote control by fashionable committees. Her charm and beauty melted even Queen Victoria, but politically she could be dangerous, believing implicitly that God was behind her husband, so that his opponents became not merely mistaken but wicked. That he clung to office too long seems to have been mainly her fault.

Miss Battiscombe writes with wit and lively understanding. Occasionally she skates a little; we long to know, for instance, in what way Catherine behaved so ungraciously while staying with Lord Rosebery. But considering its range in time and activity this biography is most enviably balanced.

E. O. D. K.

The Lost Steps. Alejo Carpentier. Gollancz, 15/-

The author of this long allegorical-adventure novel, having himself written "the first published history of Cuban music," has chosen for his hero a middle-aged composer of film music who, revolting against the tyranny of "civilized" transatlantic city life, embarks on an expedition to the reaches of the Upper Orinoco, accompanied by his arty, intellectual mistress, Mouche. Passing "from the Lands of the Horse to the Lands of the Dog," he finds solace for a time in a hidden village and the arms of a native Eve named Rosario, to whom he first makes love on a mud floor beneath the hammock in which Mouche lies delirious.

Other characters—among them the Adelantado or Conquistador and the "mediaeval saint" Fray Pedro—are such as, according to Senhor Carpentier, "every traveller encounters in the great

theatre of the jungle"; but are, more probably, symbols deriving from a mixture of Kafka and D. H. Lawrence; while the style—in particular those passages dealing with the sex-act—has the turgidity of a text-book: "... my gesture closed the cycle of a joyful commingling of bloods that have met."

J. M.-R.

Lord Byron. Eileen Bigland. Cassell, 21/-

The blurb says snootily that this is not a book for the scholar and, I suppose, it is right. However, Miss Bigland writes pithily and sometimes sardonically and her emphasis on the environmental instead of the genetic is sensible. Where earlier biographers stressed the wild Byron strain, she stresses the early influence of Byron's appalling mother, who brought him up to feel frantic at being excluded from his rightful place in the great world.

Miss Bigland treats Byron's poetry as a by-product of his active and neurotic life, pointing out that he wrote fast and often autobiographically and leaving it at that; but there were many other eccentric milords who versified. Byron, who was one of the few members of the British aristocracy ever to show anything approaching genius, was more than his life and loves, and Miss Bigland is more than a life-and-loves biographer. Even a popular biography of a poet should spend space on what he read and wrote, and try to relate his poems to the various levels of his experience.

R. G. G. P.

Time Off My Life. Wally Thompson (as told to Gerald McKnight). Rich and Cowan, 16/-

For centuries the lives of criminals have made eager, shame-faced reading. This is an enjoyable book, with only enough remorse and aspiration to link it to its great predecessors in the genre. It is filled with odd sidelights on crime. Three that stick in my mind are that shoplifters are known as "oysters," that most prison escapes are attempts to get an unpopular warder into trouble, and that legend says that if you have "Jesus Christ" tattooed on your back they cannot flog you.

Mr. Thompson is no narrow specialist. He has been a cat-burglar, a member of a forgery team, and a mock-detective raiding suspect premises and reluctantly consenting to be bribed to go away. He

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has been wrongly arrested for murder: he subsequently toured the bookmakers' stands at the White City and collected eighty pounds in sympathetic and indignant donations. Few readers will regard the book primarily as a deterrent, except in so far as it convinces them of their incompetence to perform the feats of expertise Mr. Thompson takes for granted.

R. G. C. P.

The Enemy Below. D. A. Rayner. Collins, 13/6

A duel between a lone British destroyer and a single U-boat in the Atlantic is the theme of D. A. Rayner's first novel. By devoting alternate chapters to the activities of the two captains, both of whom read the other's thoughts, the author depicts a typical German U-boat captain, his mixed crew of nobility and Hitler Youth, and a typical British destroyer captain. To be with the destroyer as the depth charges are fired and to be with the U-boat to learn the extent of the damage, keeps the reader completely in the picture. Making good use of his experience as the commander of a destroyer during the last war the author writes an authentic story but the fictional background is always there.

A. V.

The Devil Boat. David Stuart Leslie. Hurst and Blackett, 13/6

It is unreasonable, since the setting of Mr. Leslie's story is a fishing village in the Azores, to wish that his characters had not so many foreign names beginning with the same letters of the alphabet, but this does make hard work for the reader. It is more natural, because there is nothing hackneyed about the book, to resent the rush of outworn adjectives it brings to mind. Yet the characters are

ruthless and tender and passionate, just as the book is stark, frank, and often beautiful.

The Prologue, which might (and less confusingly) have been a chapter three-quarters way through the narrative, shows the return of the empty and bullet-drilled *Pena de Morte* to her home harbour. The last two pages describe another return of the "possessed" fishing boat—this time she carries one dead and one live man. These two are the central figures. They had shared childhood, clothes, militia training and captivity. The marriage of one broke the fellowship, and prison life bent the mind of his friend. Those are the barest bones of an exciting many-coloured story which is crowded with events and character.

B. E. B.

Old Friends: Personal Recollections.


Clive Bell. Chatto and Windus, 21/-

One of these loosely connected essays poses the question: who made up the Bloomsbury Group? The rest, which deal with Sickert, Lytton Strachey, Maynard Keynes, Roger Fry, Virginia Woolf, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Paris in 1904 and the 'twenties, go far to answer the question. Sickert and Mr. Eliot, for example, obviously represent an entirely different form of life from the others named above. Mr. Clive Bell himself, as an art critic, was of course one of the main pillars of the Bloomsbury world. His position, as it appears here, is a little hard to define. At one moment we feel his contribution was to introduce into all this intellectual self-satisfaction a welcome note of bluff vulgarity; at another, little jabs of spite aimed at friends and enemies alike seem to fit him for some rather less breezy and good-natured role.

Certainly no one who wished to undermine "Bloomsbury" could present, in some respects, a less attractive picture of them as individuals. It is true that their public abilities are lauded to the skies, but their private shortcomings are by no means overlooked. The result is somehow a bit chilling, though of considerable interest to students of the period.

A. P.

AT THE GALLERY


 *Water-colours by British Landscape Painters* (Norwich Castle Museum.) Closes December 30.

THE Exhibition at Norwich, the true home of English landscape, of seventy English water-colours brought together from different sources should be an inducement to many to visit that city. The round trip from London can be easily encompassed in a day. As an ardent admirer of Cotman I little needed this extra spur to repair a longstanding omission and make the visit, since I had never before seen the unique Colman Collection of Cotman and Crome which has been incorporated in the Museum for the last ten years. The academic object of the present temporary exhibition is to show Cotman (1782-1842) in relation to contemporaries Bonington, Turner, etc., in the latter part of his career.

Cotman had two main periods. First the sober, when he produced a number of exquisitely observed and brilliantly constructed landscapes, well represented in the Colman collection, in water-colour and oil, which earn him a high place among the landscapists of the world; and the second when he went gay, under the—to him—baleful influence of Bonington and Turner with their gold and blue Mediterranean effects. In the present temporary show therefore he is not at his best, and appears outclassed by the restrained and masterly de Wints of Cliveden and Clee Hill and David Cox's "The Night Train," (the last from Birmingham Museum). Cotman was underestimated in his lifetime but is now firmly ensconced at Norwich above the passing whims of fashionable speculators, experts, and even some painters who adore to hang their heads at the mention of English painting.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

AT THE PLAY

 *Le Chien du Jardinier* (PALACE)

Double Image (SAVOY)

The Devil Was Sick (FORTUNE)

CERTAINLY the most exciting unit in the French theatre, and probably the most talented group of actors in Europe, the Madeleine Renaud—Jean-Louis Barrault Company has arrived in London for four weeks, bringing a varied repertoire which opened with *Le Chien du Jardinier*, a Lope de Vega adapted by Georges Neveux.



Key to drawing on pp. 618-19

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 ANGUS WILSON | 7 EVELYN WAUGH |
| 2 J. B. PRIESTLEY | 8 KINGSLEY AMIS |
| 3 SOMERSET MAUGHAM | 9 GRAHAM GREENE |
| 4 ALDOUS HUXLEY | 10 JOHN BETJEMAN |
| 5 — | 11 NICHOLAS MONSARRAT |
| 6 CYRIL CONNOLLY | 12 NANCY MITFORD |

This is a charming little piece of *marivaudage*, gay and artificial; about a countess in love with her secretary, but not prepared to marry him or let him marry, until a bold stroke by his valet establishes him fraudulently as the long-lost son of a count, when the countess, though knowing the trick, gives in. The featherweight plot provides a constant inter-play of incident and intrigue in the household of the countess, light comedy which moves into uproarious farce when the valet visits his victim in the guise of a Bagdad merchant. The slightness of the piece demands acting of the utmost assurance, and in Madeleine Renaud's subtle and exquisite countess, Jean-Louis Barrault's faintly burlesqued secretary, Simone Valère's amorous maid, Pierre Bertin's magnificent dotard and Jean-Pierre Granval's electric eel of a valet we have five performances out of the very top drawer of comedy. Every gesture, every inflection, tells. The whole production is brilliantly polished and wittily set off by Jean-Denis Malclès' amusing decorations.

Le Chien is scarcely as long as a dachshund, so to fill out the evening we had a novel entertainment. The curtain rose on the entire cast, in evening dress, the men without make-up, sitting comfortably around as they might in a friend's drawing-room, if it were big enough. Barrault, the host, explained that actors were, after all, human beings; and then members of the company came forward and recited from an anthology of poetry ranging from Baudelaire to Giradoux. It was all

beautifully done, with a grace and informality that made this a memorable three-quarters of an hour. At the end Barrault gave us a five-minute extract from his horse-mime, enough to make us feel in ringside seats at the circus.

In *Ring Round the Moon* there was no doubt that the twins existed; in *Double Image* there is. Officially one of them died at birth; but hospitals make mistakes, and suddenly everything in the life of the survivor begins to suggest that his brother is alive and playing a curious game. Julian Fanshaw is an arrogant composer of bad songs, at odds with an uncle who stands between him and a fortune. Reports that he has been seen in unlikely places and company he firmly denies. Bills come in for things he declares he has never bought. His wife and uncle grow puzzled by an occasional affability out of character, and when he returns unexpectedly from a visit to spend the night at home his wife is left with the conviction that she has spent it with the wrong man.

The police think otherwise, and warn Julian that they suspect him of preparing to murder his uncle. We see the uncle shot in his office—but by Julian or David? Roger Macdougall and Ted Allan (working on a story by Roy Vickers) have balanced the clues so nicely that until the end of the evening it is impossible to be sure. *Double Image* is not as tense as it might have been; there are flat spots, especially in the second act, but it is cleverly made and reasonably gripping.

Richard Attenborough plays the problem part, smoothly but with not enough distinction, I felt, between the two characters. Sheila Sim is good as Julian's distracted wife, and so is Zena Dare as her sharply attacking mother. Raymond Huntley puts more depth into the uncle than is usual in this kind of piece, and Ernest Clark reminds us that senior policemen are now indistinguishable from the leaders of other professions.

Kenneth Horne's new comedy, *The Devil Was Sick*, turns a vicarage upside-down with uncertain lunacy. Parts of it are rather funny, and parts are not; easily the best is Marie Lohr's ripe performance as a pocket-picking dowager who would grace the front pew in any village church. Wyndham Goldie and Charles Heslop are also assets, but the play is precariously hit-and-miss, in acting as well as writing.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A View From the Bridge (Comedy—17/10/56), Arthur Miller's latest, put on by the New Watergate Theatre Club, membership five shillings. *The Devil's Disciple* (Winter Garden—14/11/56), an excellent revival of a Shaw too little known. *Under Milk Wood* (New—29/8/56), a heartening salute to Dylan Thomas. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BROUHOHO



The Hoffnung Music Festival
Concert of 1956
(ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL)

MUSIC is what Fanny Squeers would have called a haughty, proud, stuck-up-nosed peacock and is not readily to be laughed at, with, or about. I went to Mr. Hoffnung's saturnalia with misgiving, reflecting on the nature of fun in music as exemplified by Donizetti, Rossini, bits of *Meister-singer*, nearly all Verdi's *Falstaff* and sundries by Berlioz, Richard Strauss and Prokofiev. These and others bring smiles to the mind, even to the mouth. What we are never tempted to do, if we know what it's all about, is to clap our hands to our sides and guffaw. During the interval I met the wife of one of Mr. Hoffnung's most eminent collaborators. She pulled haggardly on her cigarette and sipped gin and lemon without tasting it. "I don't go to church to laugh," she kept saying. Roughly that sums it up.

The night was to be judged on its basically musical humour. There were four outbreaks of this. Malcolm Arnold's Grand Overture has a giddy "pop" tune which I want to hear as often as certain bits of his *Beckus the Dandipratt*. Franz Reizenstein's *Concerto Popolare*, although it goes on too long, spatchcocks the best-selling piano concertos (Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Rachmaninov, Gershwin) with frequent grace and



[Le Chien du Jardinier

Countess Diane de Belflor—MADELEINE RENAUD

Theodore—JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT

adroitness. The slow movement of Haydn's *Surprise* Symphony, rejigged by Donald Swann, went off the rails and kept reaching the wrong station with equal felicity. Reviving a form which used to be fancied on seaside piers and in park bandstands, Frank Butterworth put on a neat *Orchestral Switch*, a sequence of one-stave quotes from standard rep pieces. The audience were eager to bellow recognition of everything that came along but were often slow off the mark; the morsel from the *Siegfried Idyll* was staring them in the ear for a couple of bars before the whoop went up.

In the rest I did not take much joy. In certain numbers the orchestra (from Morley College) was joined by girls with whooshing vacuum cleaners and by a row of men in dinner jackets who blew, apparently with musical intent, into stone hot-water bottles. Aurally these effects were negligible, which means they didn't come off in any way. Playing tunes on garden hose with a French horn mouth-piece is a feat to be classed with preaching women and dogs on hind legs: marvellous but, even if Leopold Mozart *did* intend it, not worth doing, especially by so supreme a hornist as Dennis Brain. The variations on "Annie Laurie" by Gordon Jacob had extenuating touches; but considered as sound (the only criterion, surely?) Mr. Jacob's giant tuba, serpent, contrabass serpent and double-bassoon were hideous, and what is hideous can't be funny.

CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES

Moby Dick—The Sharkfighters

THE idea of style in itself is difficult enough to define; to explain the notion that style in one medium can be caught, or its equivalent conveyed, in another is almost impossible. Last week I had the impression that the Chekhov style, or at least the Chekhov atmosphere, came over in the Russian *The Grasshopper*, and now I would say that *Moby Dick* (Director: John Huston) comes remarkably close to suggesting the style of Herman Melville.

The piece is, of course, full of his dialogue as he wrote it; I don't mean that, though it is quite an important factor. I mean the impression of the big, sprawling, odd, miscellaneous film as a whole, which is somehow like the impression made by that big, sprawling, odd, miscellaneous book. There can, of course, only be opinions about this, one can't prove anything or hope that everybody will agree, but I record my own feeling.

One adjective that nobody at all can quarrel with is "impressive." The picture is very impressive indeed. I don't think there have ever been in films such brilliantly handled seagoing sequences. You read publicity stories about how some of them were faked, as it stands to reason that some of them



(Moby Dick)

Captain Ahab—GREGORY PECK

must have been; but at the moment of impact few people are going to remember that, not even among those moviegoers whose main pleasure is to show their neighbours that they aren't really taken in.

Impressive too is Gregory Peck's portrait of Captain Ahab—even though hardly impressive enough. He makes Ahab a strange, obsessed figure of striking appearance, certainly; but the extra dimension of intimidating superhumanity is missing. That is what the film needs to be emotionally gripping, apart from its excitement and interest as a series of incidents and its effect as sheer spectacle. As it is, nevertheless, it beats everything else in sight.

Not the least of its good qualities is visual merit. Oswald Morris, the director of photography, is named also as having "created" the "colour style." The colour system is our old friend Technicolor, but it is used in the service of a definite, individual style and not merely to reproduce: dominant colours are brown, green, buff and a sort of inky brown that often appears in something like brush-drawn lines, and the result is extremely attractive. This again one does not remember in the moments of violent action when waves—or whales—are tossing small boats about, but it's undoubtedly a factor in enjoyment. Sound, too, is used wonderfully well: the whirring of the gulls' wings as they fly above *Moby Dick*, an obvious enough example, plays its part in creating suspense and strengthening what can only be called atmosphere.

As a whole, the picture is an experience not to be missed. One tiny point I would mention as a footnote: the invariable pronunciation of "ye" as "yee." I suggest that "ye" in the dialogue of that

period is the same word as in modern American is spelt "ya."

It was probably not a coincidence that we were shown *The Sharkfighters* (Director: Jerry Hopper) in the same week. Not that this pretends to compete, either as story or spectacle: it is a straightforward based-on-fact account of the efforts by scientists in the last war to find some "repellent" that could be used by an airman who came down in tropical seas, to keep sharks away from him while he waited for rescue. Here the scientific detail is everything, and the story with which it is padded, including notably the scenes of domestic whimsy between the U.S. Navy man in charge (Victor Mature) and his wife, is best ignored.

Happily it is not hard to ignore. The piece is well enough made to hold one's continuous interest in the scientists' search for the magic mixture, so that the key scene in which the Commander himself jumps into the water and tests it has considerable power. It may not be real dramatic power, and the film is not aesthetically "important," but it has a strong momentary grip and it is very well worth watching.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Everything is overshadowed by *War and Peace* (review next week), and there are few established ones left, but *The Battle of the River Plate* (14/11/56) can probably still be found, and the universally acceptable *Harvest* (7/11/56).

Top release is *Bus Stop* (31/10/56), highly enjoyable. *House of Secrets* (7/11/56) is a good exciting thick-car melodrama.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR



Refugees and West Indians

THE immense value of the Eurovision link was made abundantly clear in the telecast from the Austrian camp for Hungarian refugees. Hitherto the link has been used to depict pomp and circumstance, tourist attractions, variety and circus, items that would have been equally attractive on film: but now, miraculously and dramatically, we were moved up into the front line of the world's news, and the stark immediacy of the proceedings made a ration of verbal reports and recordings seem inadequate.

In words we were told very little. A number of bewildered refugees did their best to struggle through the language barrier and outline their experiences. There were jumbled incoherent accounts of the exodus, brief interjections of hatred and hope. Nothing new, nothing to compare in emotional impact and narrative imagery with the word pictures of the professional reporters. But the screen told us everything and with remarkable eloquence. There were the tired eyes, drawn cheeks and nervous hands. A background sound pattern of weary coughing. There was a child sobbing uncontrollably on the knee of a helpless father, the proud face of a wounded woman, a curiously pathetic medley of clothing, a frightened old man. The ordeal through which these people had passed and were passing was as real and as shocking to the viewer as a stab of pain.

After this experience I am convinced that Eurovision is a device capable of



TERRY SCOTT

[Great Scott it's Maynard]

BILL MAYNARD

incalculable service to democracy. Most of our communal faults and weaknesses can be attributed, I think, to lack of imagination, to our inability to visualize the results of cowardice, brutality, folly and indifference in terms of human suffering. Television can to some extent repair this deficiency. Who can say how the West would have reacted to a direct Eurovision link with Budapest during the revolution, with Port Said during the bombardment? And how long would the West remain indifferent to the sufferings of the residual two hundred thousand refugee victims of Hitler's war if their plight became a reality on our screens?

Another programme of outstanding merit was the B.B.C.'s dramatic-documentary "A Man from the Sun." I use the term dramatic-documentary to emphasize the structural interest and importance of this increasingly popular

line in TV merchandize. Some people are of the opinion that the documentary should concern itself solely with hard facts and that attempts to inject it with fictitious human interest are bound to ruin the objective balance of serious reporting. I do not agree. TV's advantage over other media of instruction is that it *can* dramatize and read between the lines of dusty official memoranda. Most of us are aware of the main arguments in the colour bar question, but very few of us are capable of peering through the wordy dilemma at what really matters—its influence on the daily lives of ordinary human beings.

This story of the West Indians in London was told with great skill by John Elliot,

Richard Henry (designer) and James Colina (film editor). It was emotional certainly, but the the problem of black and white integration (or of dark folk and light folk, as Ed. Murrow puts it) is essentially a matter appealing to the emotions and needing a solution based on emotional understanding. I found it fair, informative and very moving.

What has happened to Scott and Maynard? These new TV comics promised riches a few months ago, humour with an original satirical twist. Now they seem content to rub along in the old B.B.C. groove, with imitations of imitations as their stock-in-trade. Their latest venture into costume comedy was dreadfully weak, about as funny as a club bore's second-hand account of a Christmas charade. I urge Scott and Maynard to get their teeth into some new material.

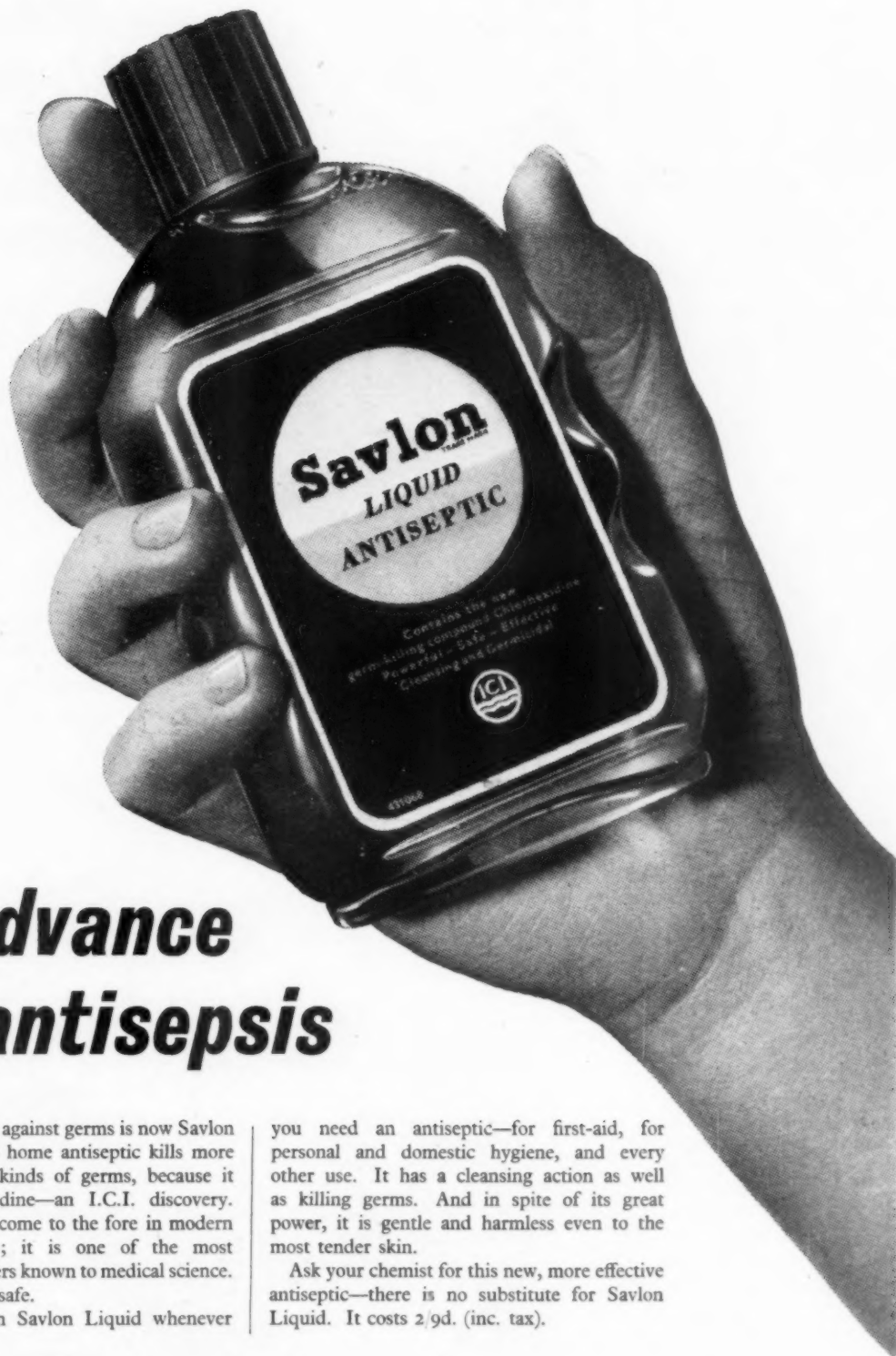
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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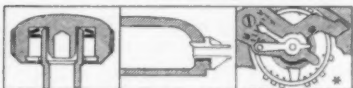


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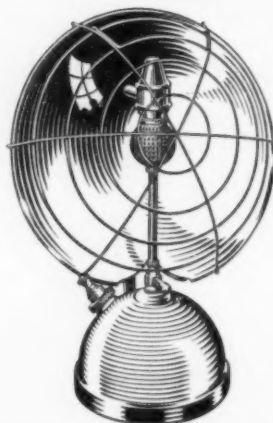
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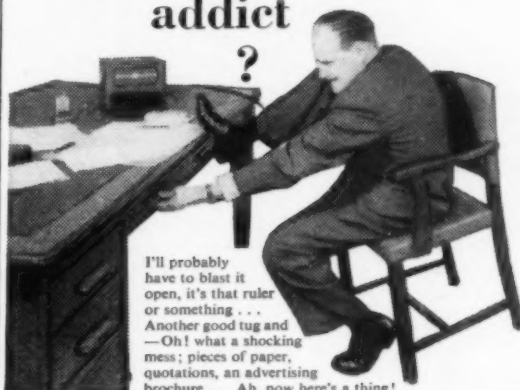
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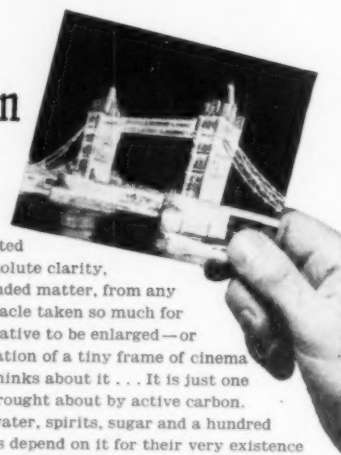
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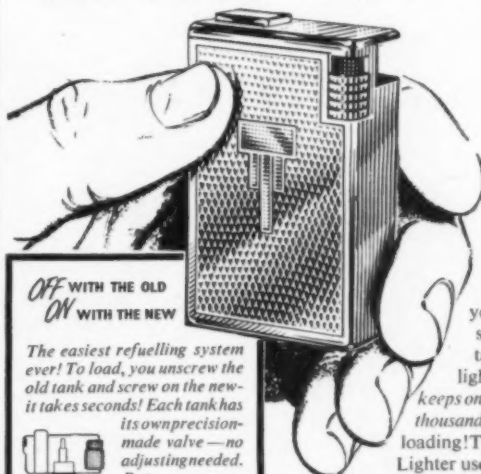
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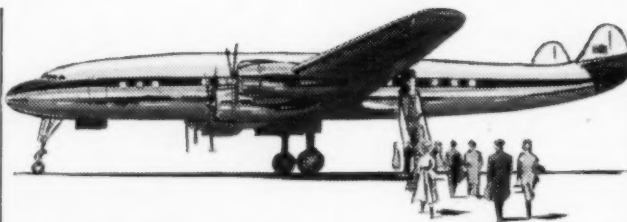
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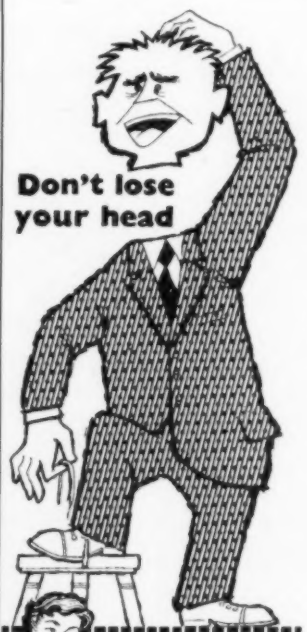
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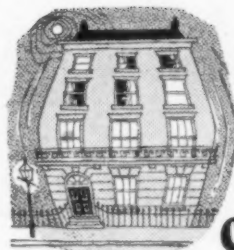
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Dubonnet et louez une

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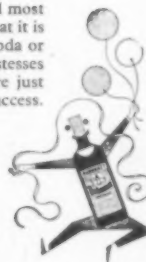
BIGGER HOUSE.

As a party drink Dubonnet is all things to all men (and most things to most women). It is a good mixer with gin; neat it is quite delicious and most enlivening; taken tall with soda or tonic it quenches those mid-party thirsts; and (wise hostesses please note) the large bottle costs only 20/- . These are just some of the reasons why Dubonnet parties are a roaring success.

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SEAGERS gin,
lime juice,
small iceberg.

Sounds promising.
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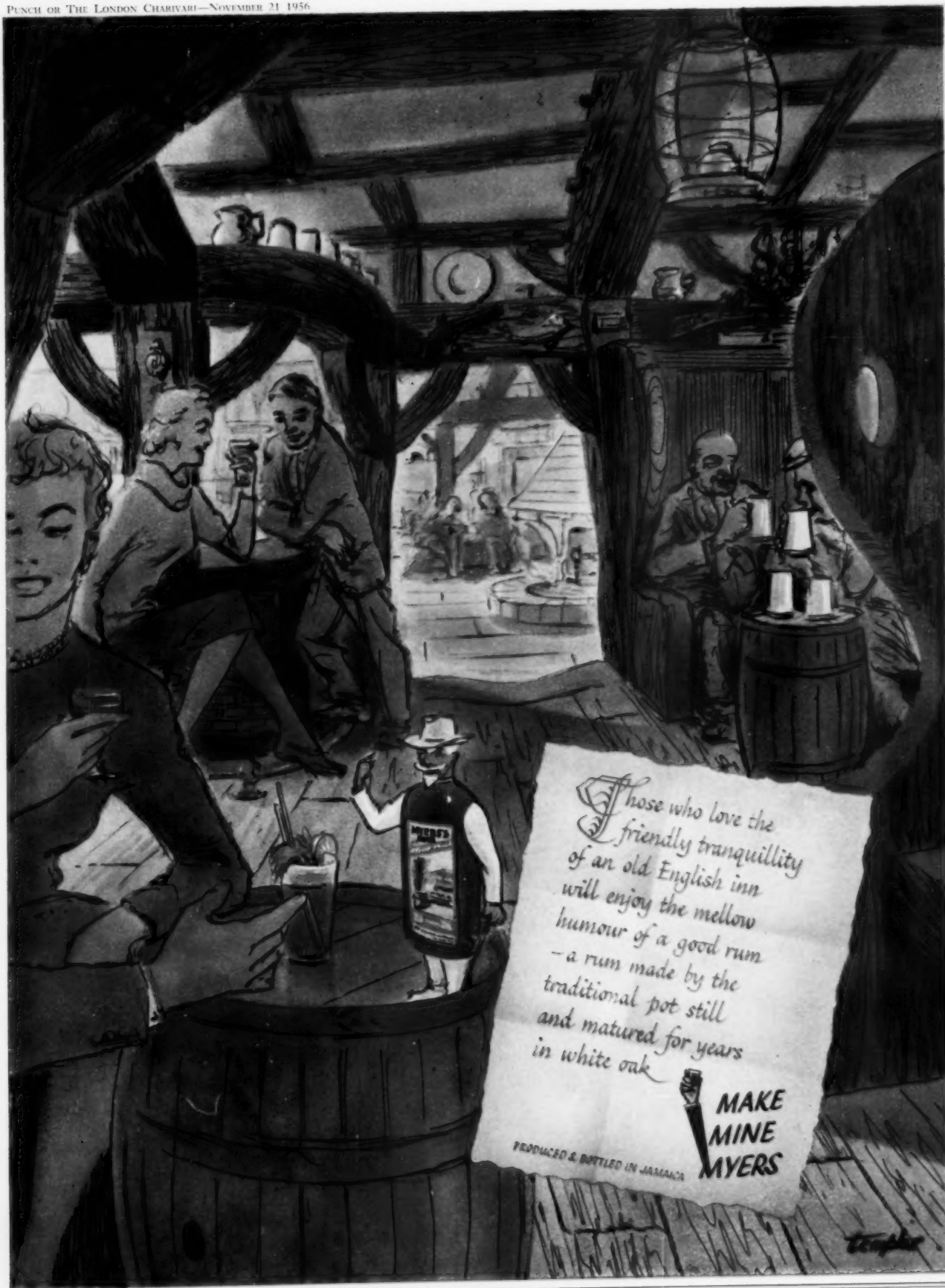
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